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SKETCHES
OF
BANDIT LIFE;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
W. Y. P.

Upon what eager wings
My spirit turns to thee, and, birdlike, flings
It's best, it's breath, it's spring, and song, o'er thee,
My lute's enchanted world.

L. E. L.

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TO

WILLIAM DANBY,

OF SWINTON PARK.

IN THE COUNTY OF YORK, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF GRATITUDE, ESTEEM, AND
RESPECT, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED,

AND VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.



THE following pages are presented to the notice of the indulgent reader, with a mingled feeling of hope and fear. They are the production of leisure hours, snatched from the more important pursuit of professional acquirement. With the exception of the ‘Sketches of Bandit Life,’ which are among the later efforts, they are arranged, as nearly as possible, in the order of their composition, and it is hoped that they exhibit a gradual and progressive, however slight, improvement in style and sentiment.

I shall not here attempt to obtrude my own feelings : they are such as spring from the dictates

of youth and inexperience, and such as must constantly attend every one, who, for the first time, ventures to present his productions at the bar of criticism. The author of any work, however humble it may be, and however low it's pretensions, must prove a very inadequate judge of it's merits, but he must ever feel tremblingly alive to the encomiums or censures which are passed upon his labours.

If the former part of the work contain less inaccuracies than the latter portion, it must be ascribed to the friendly aid of a gentleman, whose judgment and good taste, as well as literary acquirements, are only equalled by his urbanity and condescension. I have to regret that circumstances prevented me from availing myself throughout of his kind and valuable assistance.

In leaving this little work in the hands of the public, it's author embraces the opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgements

for the encouragement he has received from a numerous circle of considerate friends ; who are already in possession of the motives which led him to publish, and who, he trusts, will not expect too much from these his earliest essays in poetical composition.

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INTRODUCTION



There are who, buoy'd on wings of verse sublime,
Hover, majestic, o'er the gulf of time ;
Wrapt in the hoary mists of parted years
How spectre-like each awful form appears,
In dim unearthly grandeur,—shades of woe,
When idly view'd, but bright'ning as they grow
Upon remembrance, till, with sacred blaze,
They stand confess'd before our conscious gaze
Visions of hallow'd light ! Tho' round them spread
Are gloom and darkness, even of the dead,
Yet lightning flashes from each lofty page
Unfold their wond'rous pow'r from age to age,
Stamp on each mighty work the seal divine,
And bid us worship at their hallow'd shrine.
Such the rapt poet's lot, but in mine aim,
My humble wish, there is no hope for fame,
Oh ! would but heav'n my sluggish thoughts inspire,
And grant a portion of celestial fire,

How could I then, amid the woes of life,
Look with contempt on every petty strife,
Bid proud defiance to each rising care,
And charm, with verse, away the fiend, Despair:
Then would I strike the lyre, whate'er my skill,
And while it's silver dulcet tones should thrill
Along the quiv'ring chord, and trembling string,
Essay some humble strains, like these, to sing.

SKETCHES OF BANDIT LIFE.

SKETCHES
OF
BANDIT LIFE.

I.

THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

Pass we the tale, for it were long
To tell how, urg'd by flagrant wrong,
The outlaw left his feudal hearth
To roam a Brigand thro' the earth,
In evil hour, and how he came
To wear a robber's dreaded name.
A southern clime, and fertile shore,
His acts of heartless rapine bore,
Where oft' the peasant's tale made known
His desperate deeds, with trembling tone,

And at his name ungovern'd fear
Came o'er each hardy mountaineer,
Till, when his form they turn'd to scan,
They deem'd him something more than man,
And rumours, far and widely spread,
Unearthly horrors round him shed ;
They hinted something of a spell
Which he could sway too wildly well,
A talisman, on him conferr'd,
Within whose deep and potent word
The pow'r to act his will was held,
For evil or for good,
A charm which fealty compell'd
From those who dwell by field and flood,
Spirits of darkness and of blood !
To work his bidding, and to do
Whate'er his mandate urg'd them to.
Preposterous thought ! The only spell
Which in his bosom dar'd to dwell
Was form'd of those deep wrongs which press'd
Darkly, how darkly ! on his breast,
In gloomy clouds, and madden'd there
With all the anguish of despair.
Yet, true it was, in that dark hour,
Dwelt in his soul the deadliest pow'r
Of demons, urging on to guilt,

And seas of gore, profusely spilt ;
For, oh ! there is no deeper hell
Than oft' is wont in man to dwell
When vengeance, fiery vengeance, reigns
Supreme, with reason in her chains,
With every better feeling crush'd,
And mercy, heavenly mercy, hush'd.

II.

THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

Oft' in the long and lonely night,
 When spent by toil, or march, or fight,
 The wearied outlaw soundly slept,
 His bride o'er him kept watch, and wept ;
 Yea many a time the darken'd air
 Beheld her kneeling, weeping, there,
 Where never human eye might see
 The burst of human misery.
 For she was woman all, endued
 With more than woman's fortitude,
 'Tis true, but with a woman's fears,
 Her fond devotedness, her tears,
 Which ever find a ready flow,
 Less for her own than others' woe :
 And often it was her's to gaze,
 By the red watchfire's fitful blaze,
 On the dark features of her chief,
 Which slumber's stern and wild relief

Had stamp'd, in more than earthly skill,
With the deep workings of his will.

He was a man of sturdy frame,
With heart of flint, and eye of flame ;
Yet not unknown a nat'ral grace,
Which lighten'd sometimes on his face,
And in his voice there dwelt a tone
Such as might stamp him mercy's own,
So that the stranger turn'd again
To hear it's rich and plaintive strain.

He lov'd her passing well ;—tho' brief,
As best befits a robber chief,
To others, and with feelings stern,
And vengeance swiftly rous'd to burn ;
Whate'er to men his outward mien,
To her was nought but kindness seen :
He felt what she had left to share
His dangerous life, and humble fare ;
How from the scenes where fashion calls
It's votaries to princely halls,
Where beauty, deck'd in gems of price,
Adorns each earthly paradise,
Where music's soft and pensive tone
Is round the list'ner's spirit thrown,
Where woman's form and woman's voice
Combine to bid the heart rejoice,

8 THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

And all is spread in ample state
 Which eye or ear can captivate,
 From such as these, and from her home,
 To cheer his fortunes, she had come.
 I know that all the specious wiles
 By which the heart is led astray,
 With syren-pleasure's gaudy smiles,
 Must pall the fancy, and decay,
 But not as yet her youthful eye
 Beheld their artful sophistry,
 Nor could we deem that chill neglect
 Her bark of gladness yet had wreck'd,
 For she was fair, so passing fair
 As well might reign unrivall'd there,
 And, doubtless, all the courtly train,
 Who bend at beauty's dazzling shrine,
 To wear her light and paphian chain
 Had strove in long and eager line,—
 'This, nor deem lightly of its price,
 She made for him a sacrifice.
 There, too, in far more solemn hour
 Were other ties of deeper pow'r;
 They who her opening fancy taught
 Lessons with chastening purport fraught,
 Whom from her first, her natal day
 She learn'd to honour, and obey;

With many a person else, and thing,
Which round the young affections cling ;
Scenes, too, endear'd by friendship's birth,
By memory, or love, or worth ;
The temple where, with awe sublime,
Her spirit pray'd, full many a time ;
From such as these, and from her home,
To cheer his fortunes, she had come.

III.

REGRETS.

Oh ! there were feelings closely twin'd
Around her heart, and deeply shrin'd
Within the temple of her breast,
Which would not wholly sink to rest :
When evening's lonely shadows cast
A sense of wildness on the blast,
Her quivering lips, and voice, gave note
That sadden'd fancies were afloat,
And 'ere the darkness, from on high,
Drew it's black curtain o'er the sky,
The sun, whose purple splendours roll'd
In beauty o'er her lovely head,
Tinging her raven locks with gold,
As sinking to his ocean-bed,
Look'd on a cheek, as marble white,
And bosom, flutt'ring with affright :

By night—when stillness reign'd, and gave
A shadow round, as of the grave,
When ev'ry conscious star look'd down,
And seem'd upon her love to frown—
Then would she hang upon her chief
In heavy and impassion'd grief;
While in the darkness, dimly set,
Her proud ancestral coronet
Appear'd before her startl'd eyes,
And all who wore that lofty prize
Seem'd, too, as they were there, and spurn'd
The wretch whose fire so meanly burn'd
As that she left her father's hall,

 It's pomp, it's revelry, and pride,
To hold her spirit's carnival

 With robbers, on the mountain side :
There, too, by morbid fancy led,
There seem'd to stand her mother's shade,
A pale and broken spirit, torn
By sorrow from it's fleshly urn,
Which in the moon-beam faintly smil'd
To view again her erring child :
Nor aught her husband said to cheer

 His wife, in this her wayward mood,
Could wile away the load of care
 She felt in midnight solitude,

Until exhausted nature lost
The power to think ;—the tempest-tost
Then found in calm unwak'd repose
A healing balm to soothe her woes,
And morn, and love, as heretofore,
Gave back her happiness once more.

IV.

HAPPINESS.

Form'd for each other, still more true,
And more devoted either grew,
So that, when, on his distant way
To seek, or to secure his prey,
The outlaw left his consort's bow'r,
She wiled away the lonely hour
By ev'ry trivial female art
To wind yet closer round his heart,
And if she fram'd a small device,
Some little simple artifice,
By which to cast a moment's glow
Of pleasure on his sunburnt brow,
Her breast was lighten'd by the thought,
Which in it's depths with gladness wrough
And shook her frame with pleasure's thri'
That he would love her better still.

'The outlaw, when, for gain to search,
He hasted on his lawless march,
'Ere on his breast the belt he slung,
Or o'er his brawny shoulder flung
The carbine, or, with martial pride,
Girded his weapon to his side,
Would bid her promise he should share
The breathings of her pious pray'r,
And deem himself secure from harm
Defended by that holy charm :
Or when, returning from the toil,
Himself and comrades flush'd with spoil,
How brightly on the landscape broke
His distant cot, whose wreath-like smoke,
Curling upon the mountain air,
Betoken'd peace and safety there ;
Then, springing on with lighter pace,
He clasp'd his wife with fond embrace,
Prais'd all that she had done, and gave
Such thanks as pay the truly brave
To her he lov'd, whose conscious eye
Beam'd brightly, gladly, softly, nigh,
And thrilling to his ardent touch
She felt that all was scarce too much
Which she had yielded to possess
A robber's heart, and —— happiness.

V.

MORNING.

By night, when slumber kept away,
Revolving plans the chieftain lay,—
And, stirring with the earliest light,
Arous'd his men to seek the fight,
Related how his scheme was plann'd,
And gave instructions to the band ;—
Away they went, along the glen,
A brave and hardy troop of men,
Of well-tried prowess in the field,
Each arm'd with carbine, sword, and shield ;
Away they went, with ready zeal,
Glanc'd in the sun their polish'd steel,
And, far along their winding track,
The shout and song came rudely back,
Till faint and fainter grew it's tone,
It died away—he was alone.

Still wrapt in sleep his consort lay,
And dreams of childhood, far away,
Like to a folded flow'ret lying,
She heeded not how time was flying ;
Perchance her mem'ry gave again
The years when, 'mid her youthful train
Of friends, she took, in dance and song,
Pre-eminence amid' the throng ;
Or, it might be, her spirit felt
How, in those favour'd years, she knelt
Beneath her tender parents' eye,
And humbly sought from Heav'n on high
That it would still vouchsafe to bless
Those parents' lot with happiness :
These were but dreams, and who can keep
His soul from wandering in sleep,
Loos'd from it's fleshly bonds, and free
As zephyrs, sporting on the sea,
It soars afar, and leaves behind
All efforts of the waking mind.
But still she lay, and silent, there,
The fairest thing where all was fair,
And he, albeit loath to call
Her spirit from it's carnival,
Essay'd to rouse his faithful wife
Again to consciousness of life,

At eventide oft' would he tune
His voice, beneath the crescent-moon,
To please his love,—and wake the strain
Which mimic echo gave again ;
Tho' rude the lay, his rich full tone,
Amid' the sunset, calm and lone,
Far floating on the evening air
Impress'd by nature's vesper-pray'r,
(Which noiseless yields it's sacred hymn,
A grateful praise at twilight dim,)
Had for her spirit charms untold,
For she was cast in feeling's mould,
And whatsoe'er she deeply felt
Made her susceptible bosom melt,
While he was wont to kiss the tear,
And, laughing at such mournful cheer,
Change to a merrier strain, and try
Some air of gleeful melody :
But now he strove his love to wake,
And on her lengthen'd slumbers break,
While such as these the notes he sang,
Which o'er the mountain echoes rang.

SONG.

The sun is shining from the sky
 Upon the verdant plain,
The sea-birds plume their wings to fly
 Across the rolling main ;
There's gladness in the morning hour
 And gladness in the air,
Then, lightly, from thy leafy bow'r
 Arouse thee, Lady fair !

Awake, for none are by, save me,
 My band afar is gone,
This day I dedicate to thee,
 Ourselves shall be alone ;
For thee the pensive strain I'll sing,
 Thou lovest best to hear,
Then, lightly, from thy slumbers spring,
 And rouse thee, Lady fair !

VI.

THE OMEN.

The outlaw's carol, from the grove,
 Had rous'd a meek and gentle dove,
 Which, springing forth on pinions bright,
 Flew swiftly on her tim'rous flight,
 To find a deeper solitude,
 Where human voice might ne'er intrude ;
 Away she went, upon the gale,
 A beauteous thing, but, ah ! how frail !
 Till, less'ning in the dewy haze,
 She almost vanish'd from the gaze.

Far in his element, the sky,
 A kinglike eagle soar'd, so high
 As from the lowlier earth to seem
 An atom in the morning beam,
 A speck, no more, betwixt the sun
 And what it should have shone upon :

From clouds of gold and purple light
The creature's strong and piercing sight,
Thro' the unbounded realm of day,
Beheld his fair and timid prey ;
He mark'd it 'mid th' etherial plain,
Then sought the trembling prize to gain ;
Onward he came, thro' ether dashing,
His wings with meteor-brightness flashing,
And shap'd his swift unerring course
On pinions nerv'd with whirlwind force.
Larger and larger to the view,
Upon the hill, his shadow grew ;—
Urg'd on the dove her hastier flight,
With speed redoubl'd by affright,
But vain th' attempt—a moment more
Beheld the useless effort o'er :
Full on his hapless quarry's frame
The death-shock of the eagle came,
And 'ere the Brigand's eye could trace
The king-bird from his 'vantage place,
The mangl'd dove upon the plain
A crush'd and bleeding mass was lain.

The robber turn'd, and, lo ! his bride
View'd the transaction at his side,

Then, by some pitying thought assail'd,
One hand her moisten'd eyeballs veil'd,
And grief a moment bade her dwell
On the poor victim as it fell;
Nor only so—a deeper thought
Within her silent bosom wrought,
She deem'd the scene a warning sent,
As of some ominous portent,
And trembl'd with a sudden chill,
An undefin'd mistrust of ill.

Smile not, nor marvel, that her mind
Held superstitious fears enshrin'd,
For where her sphere of life was giv'n

 The bosom most to this is prone,
On mountain summits, rear'd to heav'n,

 Where stillness names the realm her own;
There solemnly and spectrally
A voice in ev'ry breeze doth fly,
There spirits dwell in ev'ry tone,
And on the rocks, so bare and lone,
In cavern'd gloom or sunny air
Their viewless forms are floating there,
Linking this world to heav'n or hell,
Where angels soar, or demons dwell.

VII.

PRAYER.

Not long those feelings dwelt upon
Her spirit,—they were quickly gone
As lightly with a laughing tone,
She bade her recreant husband own
That he maliciously had stole
The slumbers from around her soul,
And thought, in craftiness, to gain
Full absolution by the strain,
Because he knew she lov'd to hear
His voice upon the silence near:
He own'd the deed, confess'd the guile,
And took his pardon from her smile,
Which in its gay and reckless mirth
Seem'd almost as 't were not of earth,
So in her breast, that morning, swell'd
A joy which could not be repell'd:

He mus'd awhile, and almost sigh'd
That one so fair should be his bride,
For—as an angel, o'er the dying,
On wings of pity swiftly flying
To yield support and heav'nly aid,
Which human skill in vain essay'd,—
So was it ever her's to cheer
Each fast accumulating care,
Which the rough band who own'd his sway
Had not the art to wile away.

She bade him follow as she led
To where the morning banquet spread
Invited him, with her, to share
The neatly laid, tho' frugal fare ;
Where, tho' no liveried hirelings wait
To minister luxurious state,
And chillness round the board to shed,
Affection tended there instead,
With cheerfulness, which gave a zest
To simple food, tho' plainly drest,
And ready mirth, with jocund glee,
Lent to their hearts it's buoyancy.

One sacred duty yet remain'd,
Which she discharg'd with zeal unfeign'd,

As, kneeling on the dewy sod,
She gave her orisons to God ;
'These, rising on the morning air,
Seem'd like a holy angel's pray'r,
Some guardian spirit, ling'ring still
It's earthly mission to fulfil,
Which, from this world of mortal frame,
Pour'd it's immortal praise, like flame ;
And scarce could seraph-praises spring
From more refin'd imagining,
Nor angel-offerings be fraught
With incense of more holy thought :
Ev'n as her husband mark'd the word
Upon her lip, as yet unheard,
And saw her cheek assume the glow
Of deep religion's sacred flow,
He almost trembl'd lest her soul,
Unlink'd from earth's more gross control,
Might spring to heav'n, devotion's bride,
'Ere on her lips the accents died ;
Might with her pious praises soar
To happier realms, unknown before,
On inspiration's pinions fly,
An angel, to her native sky,
And find in that bright world the bliss
Made perfect which she sought in this ;

'Till in his bosom woke desire
To feel in truth that sacred fire.
And if he pray'd not in it's purest sense
Like her, whose bosom was all innocence,
At least religion, mix'd with awe, combin'd
To wake the soft emotion in his mind,
A glimpse of what had been in better days
Within his spirit, as he turn'd to gaze,
In soften'd mood, where his young bride was bending
Humbly to earth, in supplication blending
Praise for the past, with pray'rs that happier times
Might lead her husband from his path of crimes,
His deeds of blood, and guilty strife,
To mix again in social life.

VIII.

THE GROTTO.

Scarcely distant from their lowly cot
There stood a wild romantic grot,
A cavern, erst by earthquakes torn,
Or which the silent hand of time
In rough and massive rocks had worn,
Rocks which had seen creation's prime,
Perchance existed as a part
Of chaos, 'ere immortal art
Unveil'd the darkness, and unfurl'd
It's mighty pow'r to frame a world.
Hard by the cave a streamlet play'd,
And in capricious riplings stray'd,
Dancing and foaming o'er the lea
To merge within the sleeping sea,
Whose boundless plain in distance leant
Against the dark blue firmament:

I know not if, in classic writ,
The glowing bards of eld thought fit
To bid some fabled nymph preside,
As naiad, o'er the crystal tide,
But clearer rill, or wilder stream,
Ne'er glitter'd in the morning beam :
Now o'er the rocky steep it fell
Like silver spray into the dell,
Then hemm'd by dark primeval groves
Of hoar antiquity it roves,
Shedding refreshing coolness round
Where mournful silence reigns profound :
Small was the rivulet, but deep,
It's banks were high, and smooth, and steep,
While near the grot, on either side,
Huge rocks were pil'd in awful pride,
And lower down impervious shade
A deep terrific gloom had made,
Where ne'er the sun, at highest day,
To gild the lonely spot could stray,
Nor the mild moon, whose pensive beam,
Glides on with unobtrusive pace,
To shed a faint, tho' lovely, gleam,
Could leave thereon her fairy trace :—
It might have been the chosen shrine
Of worship to fair Proserpine,

In days when fable threw a chain
O'er the best feelings of the mind ;
And whatsoe'er the bard could feign,
With wild fantastic mock'ries twin'd,
Receiv'd an altar and a flame,
A temple and religion's name.

To gain the grot a narrow way
Along the stream's right margin lay,
No other path could reach the cave
Which overlook'd the eddying wave,
Just where, recov'ring from the shock
Of falling from a loftier rock,
And rushing headlong down the steep,
It hasted onward to the deep :
Before the cave the rising spray,
Gemm'd by the golden orb of day,
Assum'd an ever-changing glow,
Bright as that richly tinted bow
Which tells our safety and our shame,
The goodness which forbears to claim
Our forfeit lives, and doth restrain
The storm, the tempest, and the rain,
Which once, by righteous heav'n's decree,
Turn'd earth's wide surface into sea.

Thither— to 'scape the sultry heat,
And in that lone secure retreat
Hold social converse thro' the day—

The outlaw led his beauteous bride,
As oft' before, to wile away

The course of time till even-tide;
There, list'ning to the torrent's rush,—
It's wild and ever varying gush,—
And watching, as the glitt'ring dew
In diamond lustre by them flew,
And feeling in this world alone,
Each for the other form'd, with none
To break, or warp, the sacred tie,
Which bound their mutual sympathy,
They were so happy that the crowd,
Who laugh in giddy mirth aloud,
And hide beneath a smiling brow,

With glitt'ring splendour deck'd, a heart
Writhing in all the depths of woe,

Might almost wish to change their part
In life's sad drama for the cot
They dwelt in, and their humble lot.—

They rested there the livelong day,
Which fled like a dream away,

Together seated, gazing forth
Upon the green luxuriant earth,
Enjoying ev'ry sound that came,
The whisper'd music of the wood,
The roaring of the mountain stream,
The thousand murmurs solitude
Pours on the gales of southern clime;—
Then, oh ! how should they think of time?
How long they sat they scarcely knew,
When hearts are join'd, so firm and true,
In either deep affection springing,
They heed not how the moments, winging
Across the world their mystic way,
Steal silently upon the tomb,
Curtail life's brief uncertain day,
And take from youth it's early bloom,
Leaving instead a brow of woe,
With wrinkles which around it grow,
Even as round the lofty oak,
When seath'd by lightning's sudden stroke,
The ivy's verdant tendrils fling
Their garlands in perpetual spring:
Each tell, unconsciously, that fate
Hath made the beings desolate
From whence their own existence comes,
A drear existence, as of tombs !

And, oh! if early loveliness,
Cut down and wither'd by distress,
Fall in its unpolluted years,
Consum'd by grief and blighting tears,
Then should they bring no glaring flowers,
Procur'd from gay and sunny bowers,
To deck, as oft, the youthful bier,
And die in heartless mockery there;
At such a time the crimson rose
A bright unnatural gladness throws,
The lily—pale and virgin bloom—
Can be no emblem of the tomb;
Lilies, and pearls, and jessamine,
Together in one wreath should twine
To ornament earth's fairest pride—
A blushing, young, and timid bride,—
Apt emblems of the thoughts which rest
Within her mild and dove-like breast,
Which with her spotless robes may vie
To emulate her purity:
But, when the knell of death is ringing,
And o'er the scene a sadness flinging,
Then bring the ivy—be it strown
Upon the bier, and be it thrown
Within the tomb, for it will rear
Its head when all is ruin near,

And if, at length, we see it wither,
Our hope is then extinct for ever.

Long had they rested, till the charm
Of twilight's soft and pensive balm,
Shedding a soothing languor, stole
Athwart the sky, from pole to pole,
And eve approaching, lent it's pow'r
To scatter wildness on the hour:
The day was past—another day
Had wing'd it's airy flight away,
Tho' still remain'd in crimson blaze
The parting sun's last splendid rays,
Which their bright banner proudly threw
O'er the calm ocean's depths of blue:
The gentle breeze, which rush'd along,
Bore on it's wing the mermaid's song,
She, springing up from emerald caves,
Pour'd her wild love-notes to the waves,
Which ceas'd, awhile, their dash to hear
Her voice, as of some holier sphere,
Then rippling by with whisper'd moan
Mingled with her's their dreamy tone,
And yielded harmony to earth,
Such as might seem of heavenly birth,

Music which hath been seldom met,
But heard, we never can forget,
For, sweeping o'er the wailing surge,
It seems a fading spirit's dirge,
Some being sinking to decay,
Whose voice in murmurs dies away.

Such was the scene which round them grew,
A fair and beauteous sight to view;
And often would they turn to mark
The progress of the distant bark,
Whose white sail thro' the gathering haze
Seem'd almost to elude their gaze,
Now scudding on with stately pride,
Now hovering, bird-like, o'er the tide,
Then lost in distance, and the plain
Of ocean lay unbroke again:

But warn'd once more to seek their home
'Ere—flush'd with fight, with plunder fraught,
In token of their viet'ry brought—
His band returning back should come,
The outlaw and his bride arose
To seek their cottage of repose.

IX.

THE DEATH.

The outlaw and his bride arose,
But found their path beset with foes.

Sudden the vision ! To the right
A file of soldiers barr'd their flight,
No hope remain'd, no other path
Was there, and foemen, in their wrath,
Prepared to strike, in order rang'd ;
The robber look'd on them, unchang'd
In aught, save feature ; o'er his frame
No tremblings, as of terror, came,
He stood confronted to their sight
With dauntless eye, but brow like night,
Darker and darker at the thought
Not his alone the life they sought,

And at this sense of deeper ill
His face grew stern, as if to kill
With very look, and, holding back
His bride, who press'd upon the track,
Gaz'd on their ranks, which, kneeling, took
Their aim, nor then his bosom shook,
But with quick pressure of the hand
He gave his wife to understand
That all was over, save to die,—
A brief, tho' bitter, agony!

Still paus'd the men as if to give
A short permission yet to live,
Wherein some pray'r, tho' brief the time,
Might expiate a life of crime,
And hope of pard'ning grace afford;
As waiting for the signal-word
Each soldier knelt with levell'd gun,
In awful silence.

There was one,
Who, standing higher on the bank,
Seem'd as he held superior rank,
From whom the kneeling troop await
His voice to seal the robber's fate.

That haughty chief a moment scann'd
The scene, then, turning to his band,
Whose very breath was stay'd to hear
His voice upon the silence near,
Lifted his arm on high—then higher—
It fell—he gave the signal—"Fire!"

The shot! The smoke! The answering yell!
The death-shriek on the ear which fell!
Responsive echo's mimic cry—
Which mock'd that bitter agony,
And gave again the volley's roar—
Then all was silent as before!

Slowly the smoke, in wreath-like pall,
Spread o'er the scene around,
It wrapt the neighb'ring torrent's fall,
And hung in darkness on the ground;
Slowly it spread, as slowly rose
Upon the mountain air,
And much of horror to disclose
Melted in ether fair.
For whatsoe'er of human life
Had met that unrelenting strife,
And whatsoe'er of human breath,
Lay in the cold embrace of death.

Sadly and heavily a splash
Mingl'd amid' the water's dash,
Broke on it's current, and with blood
Dyed deeply the ensanguin'd flood.
With one strong effort his young bride
Had broken from her husband's side,
And o'er his much lov'd form had cast,
To shield her lord, her faithful breast:
The ball which in his bosom drank

Profusely of life's purple tide,
First thro' her bleeding brain had sank,

So late his dearly cherish'd bride,
And, leaving death behind, had sped
To lay him level with the dead;
And he had fall'n! They could not tell
If life was ended 'ere he fell,
Or if the dark and sullen wave
Destroy'd him 'ere it form'd his grave;
But he was gone! Beneath the tide
His agonies and sorrows hide,
Whate'er he hath been, and whate'er
He is, shall never more appear,—
Roll wildly on, impetuous river,
His form is in thy depths for ever;
Tomb of the undistinguish'd brave
Thou art his coffin, shroud, and grave.

Not such as this her lot—she sank
At once upon the rocky bank,
Her eyelids clos'd in endless sleep,

With scarce a pang, she pass'd away,
Her tresses, floating o'er the steep,

Were bath'd within the dewy spray,
Which fell around as if the deep
Their fate untimely seem'd to weep;
On her white arm reclin'd her head,
And not one feature of the dead,
Within her face, was discompos'd,
And, saving that her eyes were clos'd,
And that the smile upon her face
Was holier in that lifeless place,
And struck upon the gazer's eye

With feelings, such as wont to spring
When sculptur'd statues almost vie

With life, in vivid imaging,
Except for these we might have deem'd
That life remain'd, as well it seem'd,
But on her brow one bloody streak,
And one wild flush upon her cheek,
'Told but too well her soul was fled,
And she was number'd with the dead:
Beneath her long hair's jetty veil,
Which strove that horror to conceal,

Her skull was shatter'd, whence the blood
Well'd swiftly, in a crimson flood,
From ev'ry torn and panting vein
Within her crush'd and mangl'd brain.

Alas! alas! and is it o'er,
And must their forms be seen no more?
Their spirits warm with hope, and rife
With all the energies of life,
The feelings of each mutual breast,
Loving and lov'd—are these at rest?
'Tis even so! Each form is chill,
Each pulse, which throbb'd so wildly, still;
The tongue which rais'd it's sacred hymn,

Amid' the mountain's ambient air,
Is hush'd to peace, the eye is dim

Which glanc'd in pleasure and in pray'r:
All, all, is past, the spirit flown
To glory in a nobler throne;
And it is well!—Why should they know

The blighted hope, the withering gloom,
We feel when all we lov'd below

Rest in the silent tomb?
For who can tell how soon disease,
Or life's unnumber'd casualties,

Might have destroy'd the chief, and left
His bride, of ev'ry stay bereft?
But thus together taking flight,
And winging to ethereal light,
And soaring, hand in hand, afar
To reach the final judgment-bar,
They were too happy—neither wept
Over the one more blest which slept,
There were no tears as offerings shed
By the lone living o'er the dead,
Kind heav'n, in mercy, aim'd the blow,
And laid both hearts together low.

Meantime the troop had gain'd the bank,
Where, mid the vapours, dim and dank,
They saw as much of beauty lie
In death's embrace as e'er could die:
Ev'n as they look'd upon her face,
Radiant with ev'ry female grace,
And as her lovely form they saw,
Came o'er each heart a sense of awe,
Till, at their accents of amaze,
Their proud commander stoop'd to gaze,
He turn'd, he started, and, surpris'd,
Each pallid feature scrutiniz'd;

God, for thy mercy ! Who may write
The awful stroke, the withering blight,
The feeling of dismay which fell
On his crush'd soul, and made it hell ?
For in that dreadful hour of slaughter
The parent had destroy'd his daughter.

Unbroken silent melancholy reigns
On Count Abruzzo's fair and wide domains,
Ruin sits brooding on his crumbling halls,
The festoon'd ivy waves upon the walls ;
And these are desolate, with none to tell
How, by the sire's command the daughter fell,
And how the parent wither'd day by day,
Till, cold in death, he mixed with kindred clay,
And sank to rest in that unbroken sleep
Where joy forgets to smile, and grief to weep.
Within the chapel of his splendid pile,
'Mid the dim glories of the vaulted aisle,
Beneath the richly fretted gothic shrine,
The pompous tomb of all his haughty line,
With proud heraldic bearings hung on high,
The murder'd daughter and her parent lie :

Brief is their epitaph, it mentions not
Aught of her erring love, her dreadful lot,
Or of his rash command, his hasty ire,
The keen remorse, that with unceasing fire
Burn'd in his bosom, like the boiling wave
Of molten fire, in realms beyond the grave.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GREEK SONG.

Two birds sat on an ancient tree,
And thus I heard the elder say—
“Oh! joyful time, and happy me
That I should live to see this day.”

As thus she spake, she plum'd her wings,
Joy spark'd in her brilliant eye,
And to her fellow-bird she sings
In fitful cadence, wild and high.

“The torch is lit which, o'er the land,
Shines far and near, a beacon light,
Which bids us draw the battle-brand,
Which warns us to the deadly fight.

“We come! we come! no more to fly,
But arm’d to conquer, or to die,
To hurl destruction, woe, and war,
Upon the vengeful Moslemah.

“We come! we come! our rifle’s flash
Shall lay the turban’d ruffian low,
Each gleaming sabre’s ringing clash
Shall cause a caitiff’s blood to flow.

“Mark where the booming cannon’s roar
Re-echoes round from shore to shore,
’Ere on the air it’s smoke hath curl’d
A thousand banners are unfurl’d.

“Hark! ’Tis the Moslem’s battle cry
Which on the troubl’d ether floats,
And do we here inactive lie?
Rise Mainotes! Klephtai! Suliotes!

“Rise comrades, rise, and, hand to hand,
Drive back the fierce invading band;
Compel the scoffing Turk to fly,
Or ’mid your country’s ashes lie.

“There’s not a spot from sea to sea
But tells of deeds of fearful praise,
Deeds done for home and liberty
Amid’ the mortal combat’s blaze.

“And shall we fear to lose our breath?
And shall we fear to meet our death?
When honour calls we may not flee,
But on to death or victory.

“The torch is lit which, o’er the land,
Shines far and wide, a beacon light,
Which bids us draw the battle-brand,
Which warns us to the deadly fight.”

SONNET.

Fair art thou, lovely woman, when the blaze
 Of jewel'd splendour flashes all around,
 And, oh ! how graceful 'mid the winning maze,
 When dancers' footsteps o'er the hall rebound ;
 And thou art fair, when, with delightful sound,
 Thy pliant fingers sweep the quiv'ring string,
 Responsive to the notes thy voice doth sing ;
 But fairest, lov'liest, when amid' the sphere
 Of home, and all home's duties, beaming high,
 Heaves the full bosom, and the blissful tear
 Of thrilling rapture trembles in thine eye,
 That crystal dew-drop angels, from the sky,
 Might stoop to gain, and place it in their shrine—
 The clear blue vault of heav'n—a star with ray divine !

THE LADY'S PETITION.

WRITTEN IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW ALBUM.

Pity the pages of my album white,
Whose virgin purity is all forlorn,
Whose leaves, of spotless hue, are empty quite,
Oh! give relief, and leave me not to scorn.

It is not much to grant a single line,
And sign it with the impress of your name,
The gift would be a treasure so divine
Well might my album hope for deathless fame.

'Tis kindness adds to loveliness a grace,
Beyond each art, and ev'ry playful wile,
There is more lustre in the sweetest face
When goodness lights it with a sunny smile.

For what are charms unless compassion lend
The feeling heart, the ready hand to give,
'Twill not impoverish you to condescend,
Small were the bounty that would bid me live.

Pity the pages of my album white,
Whose virgin purity is all forlorn,
Whose leaves, of spotless hue, are empty quite,
Oh! give relief, and leave me not to scorn.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Lady! Two rolling months have driv'n
 Their course across the earth and heav'n,
 Spring, which was then upon the wane,
 Hath giv'n place to summer's train,
 Where the young budding leaflets grew
 Expanded nature bursts to view;
 And many a vision, thou hast made,
 Since then has found a time to fade,
 And all thy dreams of gay delight
 Have chang'd to loneliness and night;
 Yet marvel not, for all of clay
 Are frail and perishing as they:
 And as for me—what I have been
 It matters not, nor what I've seen;
 Suffice to say Time hath not rang'd
 By me and I remain unchang'd,

Suffice to say full well I know
Dark desolation's gloomy brow.
All this hath happen'd since to thee
 I promis'd—and I will not break
 That promise, even for thy sake—
A lay of pensive poesy.
But, ah! how faint the gleams which shed
Their feeble influence round my head,
And how unlike the rays which dart
From heav'n into the poet's heart,
Which there, with beams of dazzling light,
Illumine misery's darkest night;
Nor do I feel that burning glow
The raptur'd sons of fancy know,
Or revel in that sacred fire
Which quivers round the hallow'd lyre,
But, far in distance, humbly name
The laurel which I dare not claim:
Yet would I breathe a sigh, a pray'r,
Might mount to heav'n, and linger there,
Might humbly name thy name on high,
Then for it's vast presumption die:—
May'st thou, then, live in peace and joy,
Which earth gives not, nor can destroy,
A pure, delightful, holy peace,
To gild thy path till life shall cease;

And when, at length, the final doom
Shall bow thy body to the tomb,
May thine exulting spirit soar
To happier realms, untrod before,
Unchang'd in aught, save that thy worth
Is unrestrain'd by things of earth,
And, tinted with immortal dyes,
Shines forth unclouded in the skies;
So may eternity prolong
The wishes of my humble song.

ATTEMPT TO PARAPHRASE A
PORTION OF A SERMON.

I.

When the first beam of morning's earliest light
Shoots o'er the gloomy pathway of the night,
It's dawning radiance on the darken'd skies
Gleams with a few, short, transitory dyes,
And mingling, timidly, amid' the shade
Seems half within the vast profound to fade,
Till, gath'ring strength, with each successive ray,
It bursts into the fulness of the day.

So when the soul, in darkness lull'd before,
Feels the new-born conviction thro' it pour,

Doubtful it uses it's unwonted sight,
And, half afraid, expands to meet the light,
First fears, then hopes, till, bold and bolder grown,
It's doubts are vanish'd, and it's terrors gone :
Slowly it rises to behold the beams
Which dart from heav'n in bright refulgent streams,
Which flash from clime to clime—salvation's rays—
Till earth can scarce support the gospel's glorious
blaze.

II.

What tho', for sin, o'er-shadow'd is the sky,
Tho' clouds arise, and tempests roll on high ?
Still 'mid the darkest depths one sacred ray,
One lovely, star-like, light illumines the way :
'Tis this which eases all our pain and care,
Affords us hope, and saves us from despair ;
Prompts the dull spirit on it's heav'nward task,
Where mercy dwells, for pard'ning grace to ask.

Spark all divine ! Which ligh'tens far and wide,
The Christian's comforter, his hope, and guide,
Where'er the world's infertile deserts spread
Their arid plains beneath his fault'ring tread ;
'Tis this which cheers him in the arms of death,
This bids him peacefully resign his breath :

When o'er the swelling Jordan's boist'rous tide,
Safe in her haven, his glad bark may ride,
Rises in glory, blessing and to bless,
The new Jerus'lem's light, the sun of righteousness.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

King Agrippa, believest thou the Prophets? I know that thou believest.—ACTS c. 26, v. 27.

I.

Agrippa rested on his throne of state,
 With guards around, his high behests to wait,
 Burn'd in his swarthy cheek an angry glow,
 But fear was stamp'd upon his pallid brow;
 What then the danger, what the peril near
 To make the haughty monarch quake with fear?
 Behold the cause! Enclos'd by soldier-bands,
 And girt with chains, a pris'ner near him stands,
 Famine—disease—had rag'd without control,
 And bow'd his form, but left uncurb'd his soul;

Wan is his look, his cheek with sorrow glaz'd,
But bright his eye, his arm to heav'n uprais'd,
As if to call it's aid, his lips apart,
Sever'd by words which pierce the guilty heart;
Flows from his tongue a theme whose onward course
Brings truth, resistless as the whirlwind's force,
Inspir'd, and prompted by the holy Dove,
And this the subject, stern, yet full of love.
"What, tremblest thou? Behold, beneath thine eye,
"Thy dauntless captive well prepar'd to die,
"A single word—a nod—the slightest sign—
"And at thy feet would lay this form of mine;
"Yet shrink I not; in this my trying hour
"There is a being nerves my soul with pow'r,
"That one, the Christ, whom Jewish seers of old,
"And hoary priests, in mystic types foretold,
"Thro' lengthen'd years; and king Agrippa! say
"Dost thou believe the prophet's record? Yea!
"Full well I know thy faith, but slavish fear—
"The dread of fellow-men assembl'd here—
"Forbids the truth:—O mortal! wherefore stay?
"High is thy power, be thine to lead the way;
"Point to those holy books, where God hath giv'n
"A faithful guide to lead us up to heav'n,
"Whose awful words, once learn'd, for ever leave
"Their trace behind—yes King, thou dost believe!

“And, oh! bethink thee, in thine hour of pride,
“Thy jewell’d splendour, and dominion wide,
“Think of the hour of never-failing doom,
“To thee, as all men, shall that period come,
“What will avail it then, thy potent sway,
“What all thy vain delights? Agrippa, say!”

II.

He ceas’d! Cold tremors shook the monarch’s frame,
Died from his angry cheek the lightning-flame,
As thus he answer’d—“Almost dost thou make
“My wavering spirit thine opinion take.”

III.

“Oh! fan the sacred flame, oh! bid it burn
“In ev’ry heart, as in a living urn.
“I would to heav’n that thou, and these, and all
“Who hear me now, within this lofty hall,
“Were the partakers of my heav’nly gains,
“And altogether such—except these chains:
“Let me beseech thee, as thine humble slave,
“Thy deathless soul to rescue from the grave,
“There is a better world, and be it thine
“As, in triumphant hope, I feel it mine.”

IV.

At this appeal, a stillness, as of death,
Made the spectators almost hush their breath,
Each look was on him, ev'ry heart beat high
To hear the monarch bid th' apostle die,
For at a despot's throne to speak thus free
What less than death a worthy meed could be?
But no!—"Remove him to his secret cell,
"And heed my mandate—guard the pris'ner well;
"Just now the cares of state, in num'rous throng,
"With pow'rful voice, forbid my tarrying long,
"Some other time, some more convenient hour,
"Be mine to search his words, and learn their pow'r."

V.

Forth went the ruler, chieftains round him press'd,
In gold array'd, and rob'd in purple vest;
On mov'd the gallant train, with stately pace,
Amid the plaudits of the abject race,
And like a dazzling meteor past away
The regal train, the sceptre, and the sway.

VI.

What of the spoken word! The joys and woe
Which mingle in our scenes of life below,

It's cares and thorns, had put such thoughts to flight
Almost before the curtain of the night
Clos'd round the kingly city, and repose
The eyes of wearied mortals came to close.

VII.

'Ere this a clash of arms, the hurried tread
Of warlike troops by martial captains led
Bore the apostle to the castle gate,
Where the paid hirelings of the tyrant wait;
He enters, and his dungeon's massive wall
Again receives the more than human Paul,
Therein to wile the hours till princes find
Leisure to try the workings of his mind.

VIII.

Long watch'd the anxious captive—but in vain,
Nought save the heavy clanking of the chain
Broke on his longing ear. From day to day,
Slow rose the morn, and sadly roll'd away,
In dreary heaviness, the ling'ring light,
Succeeded only by more tedious night:
In vain th' apostle watch'd, if o'er the king
The pow'r of grace a serious thought should fling,

If in some moment when the giddy round
Of pleasure ceas'd, and meditation found
A time when conscience, breathing pious fear,
Should pour its threats to an attentive ear,
When the awaken'd soul should learn to think,
He should attempt to shun destruction's brink ;
In vain he watch'd ! Too haughty in his state,
In all the pomp of towering pride elate,
The monarch thought not of his future fate :
Nor came the wish'd for period. Time fled past,
The hour of liberation came at last,
And the apostle, round his form unfurl'd,
Beheld the beauty of a smiling world,
Free from his fetters—but the king, whose eye
Quail'd at a shackl'd captive's firm reply,
Alas for him ! The gay and festive board,
The sway of empire by it's princely lord,
The pomp, the pageantry, the battle-roar,
All these could find a time, but never more
Came there a leisure season, or a space
Wherein to seek the holy spirit's grace.

LINES ON A PIECE OF WILLOW
FROM NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

And hath this branch of willow bent
All green, and fair, and flourishing,
O'er the usurper's monument?

A simple tomb of sculptur'd stone,
Beneath whose canopy, alone,
He rests like a forgotten thing.

He, for whose ends were thousands slain,
To swell whose triumphs millions bled,
Amid the rolling western main,
The bravest of the nobly brave,
Hath found an unlamented grave
Wherein to mingle with the dead.

Ah! little thought he when he stood
 As victor o'er a conquer'd world—
 When carnage dyed his throne with blood,
 And delug'd earth with human gore,—
 That on this wild and distant shore
 His flag of glory should be furl'd.

And little thought he in his pride,
 When thousands waited round his pillow,
 When hosts, to rear his empire, died—
 That in his last eternal sleep,
 The only thing to watch and weep
 O'er him should be this drooping willow.

He rose in grandeur's fairest morn,
 He bask'd in all it's noontide height;
 Behold him now! His honours shorn,
 The few who lov'd him left to grieve.
 As sinks the western sun at eve
 So set his meteor blaze in night.

There let him rest, or if a breath
 Recall the magic of his name,
 Oh! let the sacred seal of death

Cast o'er his faults Oblivion's veil ;
And let no tongue recount the tale
Which blasts the hero's life with shame.

Ambition was the guiding star
By which he rose, by which he fell,
And if he follow'd it too far
His errors he hath dearly paid,—
And why should busy mem'ry aid
The hist'ry of his crimes to swell.

SALATHIEL.

Away, away, thou fearful sun
Across the briny deep,
For I remain the only one
To view thy beams, and weep :
Away, thy brief diurnal round
Hath past on fairy wing,
Nor in it's ample course hath found,
Save me, a living thing.
Well may I weep! I cannot die!
The curse is on my brow,
'Tis stamp'd in thunder in the sky,
Oh! God, I feel it now!

All silently and spectrally
The evening shadows come,
Tinging the vales, which sloping lie,
With overwhelming gloom:
The moon, but not with placid light,
Glares broadly on the sea,
And ev'ry star which decks the night
Laughs scornfully at me ;
The gath'ring tempest murmurs loud,
Uprising from it's lair,
And here and there a drifting cloud
Is dark as my despair.

I knelt me down, I strove to pray,
Nor words, nor utt'rance came,
By dreary midnight, and by day
I still must be the same.
Oh for the welcome hour of death !
What luxury it were
To lay aside this loathsome breath,
Nor longer sojourn here !
The wearied one his hour of rest
Ne'er thirsted to enjoy,
As pants, with hope deferr'd, my breast
For lightnings to destroy.

But no! Yon red and awful moon,
Each dimly waning star,
And ev'n the sun, at highest noon,
Proclaim it distant far:
Then onward roll, thou ghastly orb,
Along thy course of light,
Thou wilt not by thy pow'r absorb
My life, as well thou might:
Away upon thy trackless path,
Nor heed the boon I crave,
Since heav'n denies, in endless wrath,
That last repose, a grave:
And ever on my conscious ear
Rings heavily the doom.
The knell of all my pleasure here,
"Tarry thou till I come."

FAREWELL.

WRITTEN ON MY BROTHER'S DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Farewell to England ! Hark the sound
The boatswain's whistle pours around,
" All hands aloft"—the vessel feels
The impulse, and away she wheels ;
How gallantly she bears her head,
With sails, to catch the breezes, spread !
Across the wave, across the foam,
She bears me to a distant home.
There is a stillness in the air
Which lightens half my spirit's care,
And yet, withal, there is a sadness
Repressing ev'ry tone of gladness ;

Whate'er I do, where'er I turn,
Still in my mem'ry feelings yearn,
Feelings by which my soul opprest
Can know no pleasure, know no rest ;
A wand'rer on another strand,
In exile from my native land,
Far distant from my youthful home,
I go—in fervid climes to roam ;
How oft' mine eye will turn to gaze
Upon the sun's unclouded blaze,
And think my friends, remaining here,
With me will view his bright career ;
I hail the thought ! A holy theme,
Beyond the poet's fairest dream,—
And never ray at morn shall throw

 It's burnish'd lustre o'er the sky,
Nor eve a purple gleam bestow,

 But it shall bring their mem'ry nigh :
Then the wild wind's uncertain moan
Shall be to me a friendly tone :

Then ev'ry cloud, of changeful hue,
Which sails thro' heav'n's unclouded blue ;
Then the rich fragrance floating near,

 Wafted from flow'rs of brilliant dyes,
Which in that gaudy hemisphere

 In all their gay luxuriance rise ;

And the sad music which the trees
Respond to the caressing breeze;
In mingling unison shall tell
That I am still remember'd well :
Remember'd ! Oh ! upon that word

How much of my existence dwells !
My name shall yet be sometimes heard

Within my country's verdant dells,
And in my mother's daily prayer—
How sweet to think 'tis whisper'd there !

Return I from these dreams of things
(Which yet are but imaginings,
These visions, all too fair to last,)
To present things, around me cast.

'Tis ev'ning now ! Amid the haze,
In distance dim, the watchfires blaze,
And, stretch'd in far and shadowy line,
The guardian cliffs my home enshrine,
Invisible, save where some star
Sheds it's mild lustre from afar,
Or where the moon's uncertain ray
Quivers upon the crescent-bay.

The night rolls on! If, haply, sleep
Forbid these eyes to watch and weep,
If, wrapt in slumber's silent arms,
Forgetfulness my spirit calms,
'Ere the glad sun, at morn, shall shed
His beams upon my waking head,
The little left of all I prize
Will vanish from my longing eyes;
Nought will there be to meet my view
Save the wide waste of waters blue,
And round me spread the rolling main,
A vast interminable plain.
Oh! then, while mimic fancy's eye
Can in yon outlines dim descry,
With vivid tints, the hopes and fears,
The joys, the woes, of earlier years,
Can mould reflections to her will,
What tho' they be illusive! Still
Be mine, with thought intense, to dwell
On friends afar, remember'd well,
Touch'd by their goodness, and subdued
By all their soft solicitude;
By watchings o'er me, when disease
Came, on my fainting frame to seize,
By guidance when afflictions lower'd,
By sympathy when blessings shower'd;

By these, and for all these, my heart
Shall think on those from whom I part,
Shall on each act of kindness dwell,
And sigh as now—"I bid farewell!"

THE TOMB OF THE MIGHTY.

And is there then indeed no more?

Can this be deem'd a resting-place
For him, the mighty conqueror,
Who thought this earth too small a space?

Yes, even here, the laurel'd head,
Tho' wreath'd with Gallia's ancient crown,
Amid the dark and silent dead,
Hath laid his regal honours down.

Oh! let no sacrilegious theme
Profane this more than sacred spot,
Let ev'ry worldly selfish dream,
Each idle fancy, be forgot.

Breathe not a wish upon his tomb,
But such as might ascend in pray'r,
For who can hope to 'scape their doom,
When even he must moulder there?

Napoleon! Emperor!—Many a thought
Attaches to that stirring name,
And many a recollection, fraught
With many a deed of guilty shame.

Yet judge not harshly of the dead,
Whose deeds were crimes in British eyes;
In warfare nurs'd, to conquest bred,
His acts were ting'd by vict'ry's dyes.

Defame him not! There is no need,
He never laid his chain on thee;
From all his darings England free'd
Retain'd her boasted liberty.

Where'er o'er subject Europe stream'd
The banners of the Gaul unfurl'd,
There British sabres proudly gleam'd,
There she her vengeful thunders hurl'd.

She was the first to point the way,
To bid the nations rally round,
She urg'd them to a glorious day,
And well they sought it—they have found!

But what of that? Her troops were rang'd
Against a proud imperious foe,
But when the tide of fate was chang'd,
She spar'd to crush him in his woe.

Such be thy conduct—to revere
The nobler actions of the brave,
But for the crimes his breast which sear
Oh! give them to Oblivion's wave.

And may the hero calmly sleep,
In peace, that peace he never gave,
While the enfranchis'd nations reap
Their freedom from his lonely grave.

THE MARTYR.

I.

Now twilight spreads it's dusky veil
Across the sea-bark's less'ning sail;
The voice of man is heard no more,
The holy even-song is o'er,
It's echoes, ling'ring on the deep,
Seem off'rings at the shrine of sleep:
'Tis past, but, hark! what minstrelsy
Still sends it's cadence o'er the sea?
That sea whose billows brightly throw
Around a soft phosphoric glow;
Two voices, mingling in the song,
Their simple melody prolong:
Yet is it not the monkish hymn
Which heav'nward flows thro' evening dim,

Nor comes it from the chapel-quire,
Nor from the cell of holy sire,
But where the dungeon grates appear,
With awful front, it comes from there.

II.

Draw gently near, and downward stoop,
Noiseless behold yon woe-worn group,
A heretic, by all revil'd,
And at his side, his faithful child.
Alas! that poor old man, whose hair
Is grey with mingl'd age and care,
Must expiate, by fire, when dawn
Breathes o'er the sky th' approaching morn,
The creed he holds, and die the death
Reserv'd for heretics in faith :
And that pale girl who near him stands,
With downcast eye, and folded hands,
Tho' all his former friends are gone,—
Inconstant as the wild wind's tone,—
Stays, 'mid the wreck of hope, to share
A portion of her father's care,
That father's last farewell to hear,
While, ever and anon, a sigh
Tells her convulsive agony ;

Yet never speech, nor single word,
Nor whisper of distrust is heard,
Tho' deep in anguish, no despair
Can enter in with fervent pray'r,
Bred in whose deep and holy pow'r,
She felt a comfort in that hour ;
Tho' all the springs whence human aid
Might flow by bigotry are staid,
Her meek blue eyes the heav'n have sought,
And her pure bosom's purer thought
Felt, tho' her hopes from earth were driv'n,
They had a resting place in heav'n,
She bow'd beneath the chastening rod,
And her support was—faith in God.
And he—the tear which nature bids
Was dropping from his palsied lids,
The big round drop, which, gath'ring, fell
Upon a cheek he lov'd too well,
And on a brow, which, but the LORD
Reign'd in his soul, he had ador'd.
Well might he weep, for fairer child
Ne'er on a doting parent smil'd,
Nurs'd amid woe and tears, she grew
As a young lily, wet with dew,
And strove, with all her pow'r, to cheer
His miseries, while he linger'd here,

While such as these the words which dwell
Upon his tongue, to bid farewell.

“ Farewell my child! Nay do not weep,
“ I only go in dust to sleep,
“ Lean not upon me thus, and sigh,
“ Look up to yonder vaulted sky ;
“ Where myriads of glitt’ring spheres
“ Shine calmly on my daughter’s tears ;
“ Each ev’ning turn your sacred gaze
“ To view the moon’s unclouded blaze,
“ Or if obscur’d her silver car •
“ Behold each bright and sparkling star,
“ And think amid the boundless space
“ Is fix’d my glorious dwelling-place ;
“ Or, nearer still, amid the night,
“ When slumber from thy couch hath fled,
“ Albeit not in mortal sight,
“ ’Think that I watch around thy bed.
“ No more of this.—A parent’s pray’r
“ Attend thee thro’ this scene of care,
“ Yet hold the faith, and dare to fall,
“ If needful, at religion’s call :
“ To those who view aright the pyre
“ ’Tis more a cause of joy than ire,
“ Tho’ sharp and keen the pang to come
“ Which wins the crown of martyrdom,

“ Who would not bear the transient pain
“ Undying happiness to gain?
“ A troubl’d pathway for the blest,
“ A fiery track to endless rest,
“ One moment of convulsive strife—
“ The portal to eternal life!”

III.

He paus’d! The maiden’s cheek was glowing,
And fast and free the tears were flowing,—
But that she could not speak the thought
Which in her bursting bosom wrought,—
She would have said, “ Whate’er betide,
“ In death as life I’m by thy side.”

IV.

She past away! The pris’ner turn’d,
His soul with anxious bodings yearn’d,
So young, so fair, so delicate,
And yet withall so desolate,
With none to shield her from the cares
Of life, from all the crafty snares
Of those who strive, with cunning wile,
Defenceless beauty to beguile;

But what of that? A holy pow'r
Shall guard her youth each passing hour;
At all events, the pang to part,
Which deepest wrings the human heart,
Was rooted from his bosom's core,
The bitterness of death was o'er.—

V.

The hour of midnight—on the lonely gale
How flings the bell it's all unearthly wail,
O'er the long avenues and streets around
Slowly reverberates the awful sound,
Then, distant dying, leaves a thrilling peace,
As time, itself, must with the echo cease:
Darkness upon the city—gloom enshrouds
It's dusky precincts with unwonted clouds;
Silence upon the city—stillness lowers
Around it's princely palaces and towers,
Slumber upon the city—peaceful rest—
Which soothes the sick, which makes the wretched
 blest,
And proves a grateful interval to those
Whose waking moments brood upon their woes;
Repose and stillness reign supreme o'er all,
And darkness wraps them in her sable pall.

Hark! on the solemn silence of the hour,
Rises a clear sweet voice, with holy pow'r;
As sunlight gleaming o'er a stormy sky,

As 'beauty's daughters' smiling thro' their tears,
As the soft voice of childhood's melody

Recurring to the thoughts of after years,
Or fairy spells, upon the young heart, cast.
Such is that music, borne upon the blast:
Once tun'd those lips to bliss, but now alone
Sacred to sorrow is their rich full tone,
Oft' chok'd that voice by many a rising sigh,
And tears are dimming that o'er-clouded eye,
It shall beam bright again—tho' sorrows curl
In serpent folds around thy heart, poor girl!
Tho' grief is tainting ev'ry throbbing vein,
Brief is the rule of agony and pain;
Soon shall that God thou worship'st here below,
Translate thee, purer than the driven snow,
To meet the cherish'd being of thy love,
No more to part, in happier realms above:
And, oh! thou bearest nobly! Fancy paints
Thy white-rob'd form amid the choir of saints,
Hymning, as now, the praise which is the LORD'S,
In more seraphic strain, with holier words;
Again that music floating on the breeze,
The words, but not the air or tone I seize.

God of the wretched let my voice
Ascend, in pray'r, to thee!
Oh! bid my fainting soul rejoice,
And acquiesce, whate'er the choice
Thou hast decreed for me.

My heart, in deep distress, I raise,
Lord! to thy glorious throne,
I strive to hymn, in fervent lays,
The depths of thy mysterious ways,
And wonders, all thine own.

My spirit dreams of many things
My faith still trusts to see,
And glorious imaginings,
Till fancy lends me airy wings,
Whereon to fly to thee.

Oh! if thy providence see good
To bid my father die,
To seal his faith with human blood,
Sustain his spirit in the flood
Of mortal agony.

And, oh! as thou art mercy all,
Lord hear a sinner pray,
Grant that the moment of his fall
His daughter may to dust recall,
And bear my soul away.

In murmurs dies away the pensive strain,
And the lone midnight hour is still again.—
Pillow'd upon the couch beneath her spread,
With all religion's influence o'er her shed,
Exhausted by her thousand miseries,
All peaceful slumber gently seals her eyes,
And she is sleeping, 'for no foe to rest
Hath soil'd the current of her sinless breast,'
Repose drops lightly o'er her innocence,
And in oblivion wraps each suff'ring sense,
There may she rest, and may recruited pow'r
Sustain her firmness in the trying hour.

VI.

Lightly comes down the morning ray,
Glad presage of approaching day,
And night's black curtain, slowly furl'd,
Leaves, for a time, this guilty world;

But why, with deep and solemn knell,
Tolls sadly forth the convent bell?
And why that trumpet's wailing blast,
Which, far in distance, sweepeth past?
They come—the monks in order moving,
The lowlier crowd more loosely roving,
The soldiers' plumes are gaily dancing,
Their armour in the sunbeams glancing,
With swords which, flashing ev'ry way,
Spread all around a sparkling ray;
And in the midst a pris'ner bound,
And well with guards encircled round,
Moves slowly on to reach the pile
Prepar'd for one who knew not guile.

Brief preparation! Soon his frame
Is hid by volum'd wreaths of flame,
The fiery streamers swift ascend,
And with the dazzling sunlight blend,
A moment stay, then soar on high,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
Where, rang'd in order bright and fair,
They form a car of fire to bear
Th' enfranchis'd spirit thro' the air,
A chariot celestial, giv'n
To waft the guiltless soul to heav'n.

Nor waits it long,—a moment's space
His voice was heard in pray'r and praise,
“Forgive them, Lord!” the martyr said,
Then feebly bow'd his aged head;
One struggle, one convulsive shiver—
’Twas past—his sorrows slept for ever.
The fire sank down—it flicker'd—dropt—
His life was gone—his pulse was stopt.

VII.

Alas! that sad and with'ring shriek
Of some poor heart, about to break!
She came, and the deep crowded press
Gave back before her wild distress,
Till, all amid the multitude,
An angel o'er the dead she stood;
Her wan and slender form was drest
In virgin robe, and flowing vest:
No sound she utter'd, save that cry,
No tear was glancing in her eye,
But there amid the smould'ring fire
She clasp'd her arms around her sire,
Near to his blacken'd corpse she clung,
And on his neck in anguish hung;

They who the nearest stood might hear
A stiff'd murmur strike their ear,
Might trace a long and feeble moan,
And life exhal'd in that deep groan,
All heavily fell down her head,
And all was past, her soul was fled :
When lowly kneeling, fervently,
She gave to God her humble cry,
That God, whose splendour maketh dim
The majesty, compar'd to him,
Of Cherubim, and Seraphim,
Look'd down upon her, weeping there,
And gave his sanction to her pray'r ;
The hour which summon'd from this earth
The sire to whom she ow'd her birth
Releas'd her from the load of woe,
Which such as her alone can know,
And, in the mansions of the blest,
Afforded her an endless rest,
Spake peace unto her wounded soul,
And made her broken spirit whole :
Lovely were they in life and breath,
And undivided in their death.

VIII.

Three hundred years have past away,
Ey'n as the parted yesterday,

Three hundred years of blood and crime
Are wafted down the stream of time ;
A change on cities, and on kings,
Transition to all mortal things ;
Where are the breasts which, 'erewhile, felt
Whatever makes our bosoms melt,
Beings whose forms were like our own,
Who thought our thoughts, where are they ?
Gone—

Forgotten—past—another race
Usurp their honours, and their place.
How beautiful, amid the scene,
Is yonder turf of emerald green,
Thro' which the bubbling waters run,
On which looks down the glorious sun,
Around it trees their shadows throw,
Upon it flow'rs of fragrance grow ;
Within its precincts is a tomb,
Ah ! man, thou minister of doom !
Ever where nature fairest smiles
Some violence the place defiles ;
Here meek religion's suff'rings clos'd,
Here is the sacred dust repos'd,
And, even from this verdant sod,
The martyr's spirit wing'd to God.

They, whose harsh spirits' vengeful hate,
And fiery zeal had wrought this fate,
Have past away without a name,
A record of their endless shame ;
While they, whose sufferings and whose woe
I feebly have essay'd to show,
Their deep emotions, blood, and tears,
Are themes of long departed years ;
And all their sorrows but avail
‘ To point a moral or adorn a tale.’

The worm shall feed sweetly on him.

JOB c. 24, v. 20.

I have said to the worm, Thou art my sister.

JOB c. 17, v. 14.

Lo! the corpse to death resign'd
 By it's more immortal spark,
 On the guidance of the wind,
 Launching timidly it's bark,
 Oh! how cheerless
 Is the cold unconscious ark.

Fair in life, but loathsome then,
 Hid beneath the silent urn,
 All that lovely seem'd to men
 Vanish'd, never to return,
 And no more shall
 Fond affection o'er it mourn.

There, enclos'd from mortal view,
 The body festers in it's shroud,
 Fungous plants, of livid hue,
 Spring from the corrupted blood;
 There the worms shall
 Batten on their horrid food.

Closer still the reptiles clinging
 Banquet with increasing lust,
 Plants, with more luxuriance springing,
 Form the acme of disgust :

 This the progress
 Of the fiat 'dust to dust.'
 'The worm thy sister there shall be,
 'Sweetly shall it feed on thee.'

But and if the spark divine
 Rises to a nobler sphere,
 Gladly may this earthly shrine
 Moulder in destruction here,

 It avails not
 So the soul in God appear.
 'The worm my sister there may be,
 'Sweetly may it feed on me.'

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

I.

He sat upon his throne, a world
By some chaotic tumult hurl'd
Far blazing from its sphere on high—
The brilliant empyrean sky :
At times, a wild and lurid glow
Shot fiercely o'er his scowling brow,
Which, writh'd in wild contortions, seems
The bodied shape of fever's dreams ;
There was a something in his eye
But few could look on steadfastly ;
It was not pride, it was not hate,
Nor dark ambition's haughty state,
Nought that I know could contrast well
With his large eye-ball's restless swell,

Not one who met his gaze could give
A glance of anger back, and live:
Around his feature's pallid hue
His hair it's long black tresses threw,
While deep-suppress'd emotion gave
His face the sternness of the grave.

The spirit rested, all alone,
Upon his vast but ruin'd throne;
Within his presence, and around,
Eye met no vision, ear no sound,
Where'er he wav'd his shadowy wing
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, a living thing.
Exulting in his arrowy speed,

His eye with youthful vigour glancing,
Fleeter than light, a sportive steed

Rush'd on thro' space, all wildly prancing,
He near'd the spot, a transient quiver—
Existence fled his frame for ever;
A bird soar'd by, on airy pinion,
But, ent'ring to his drear dominion,
A moment flutter'd, fell, and died,
Heavily dropping at his side:
He heeded not, for ebbing breath
He coveted, and mortal death;

Perpetual in misery,
It was his doom, he could not die,
But still in gloomy grandeur sate,
Crown'd ruler of the desolate,
Struggling, 'mid anger, pride, and woe,
His punishment to undergo—
With outward scoff, and scorn of care,
To hide the depths of his despair;
Ever his features' wild expression
Gave fearful token of transgression,
Yet, with assum'd indifference,
Strove to assert his innocence;
Tenant, in wrath, of endless space—
The guiltiest of a guilty race.—
Boundless in pow'r, and uncontroll'd
Where'er his haughtiest wishes roll'd,
Mightiest of essences, save one,
And yet he sate alone, alone!

II.

When on th' horizon's smiling bound
The glorious sun looks brightly round,
If on the west appear a speck—
The harbinger of many a wreck—

Tho' calmly o'er her wat'ry throne
The gallant vessel glideth on,
Tho' scarce is breeze enough to urge
Her progress o'er the sleeping surge,
And from the deck glad melody
Sweeps softly o'er the rolling main,
As fabl'd swans, about to die,
Pour to the gale their sweetest strain,
And tho' beneath the azure hue
Of ocean yonder arch of blue,
With wav'ring motion, wildly bright,
Is back reflected into light ;
Sudden the practis'd seaman views,
And tells the inauspicious news,
The sails are close reev'd to the block,
In readiness to meet the shock,
And awful silence reigneth there :—
Destruction's whirlwind messenger
Sweepeth across the foaming sea,
And the proud vessel—Where is she ?
A moment's strife for mastery,
And then the last appalling cry !
Seek ye some lov'd remains to weep ?
Go, ask them of the raging deep ;
Search ye the waters ? On them cast
A splinter'd beam, or shatter'd mast,

'These tell the triumphs of the wave,
But, for the dear ones whom ye seek,
Doth not the storm, in thunder speak,
And point to their unfathom'd graves?
'Tis ever thus—all human ties
Are rent from human sympathies.

Dark chieftain of the desolate!
Herein behold thy bitter fate;
Heav'n was thy brightly smiling sky,
Thy God the luminary nigh;
And for that cloud which scathe foretold
To thee—when in seraphic mould,
'Mong cherub legions hovering near
Thou to the brightest wer't the peer.
When morning saw thy pinions ride
On rays of light—know, thou, 'twas pride:
As the fierce whirlwind rushing past
It bore thee on it's lightning-blast,
It hurl'd thee to the depths below,
And gloried in thine overthrow;
But they who o'er thy fate should mourn
With thee to the abyss are borne,
Condemn'd with thee to banishment,
And endless life their punishment,

Still longing for that milder fate
The woe time might annihilate,
But never! Earth may melt away,
The heav'ns be rent, the stars decay,
Still, 'mid the elemental strife,
Their's is thy curse—unending life—
Bade far from heav'n and hope to dwell,
This is their doom, and this thy hell.

III.

Oh! not unknown in scripture lines
The magnitude of thy designs,
Too oft' in holy writ pourtray'd
Are shewn the suff'rings thou hast made,
Thou dark destroyer! It was thine
The bliss of man to undermine,
Thy fell and subtle promptings led
The eldest-born, in wrath, to shed,
With murd'rous ire, his brother's blood,
When earth first drank the crimson flood:
Evermore, in thy vengeful pride,
It was thine aim to dash aside
The pow'r of GOD, and slight his laws;
These were thine efforts! Thou the cause
Why burst on Egypt's fertile plain
Plagues, darkness, tempest, storm, and rain!

Insatiate still, thou did'st impart
That deeper curse, a harden'd heart,
Whence came her people vainly tried
To brave their God; they strove and died;
Thousands, nay tens of thousands, fall
Buried beneath the wat'ry wall,
Kings, rulers, nobles, all thy slaves,
Perish beneath the whelming waves.
Since then thine impress bears the stamp,
Where darkly in th' Assyrian camp
Wide the destroying angel waves
His weapon o'er unnumber'd graves;
A host, uncounted as the sand
Where the proud ocean meets the land,
Had spread at eve their martial feast,
And thence retir'd to sleep their fill,
But when the sun rose in the east
Death had been busy—all was still!
The war steed's tramp, the trumpet's tone,
The bugle's clangor—all were gone!
The fiery troops to vict'ry led
By princely Satraps—all were dead!

Yet wherefore vainly seek to trace
Thine hatred of the human race,

Since all the waste of blood in strife,
The prodigality of life,
The widows' woes, the orphans' tears,
The heroes' deaths, thro' lapsing years,
Rise up with horrors, all their own,
In baleful mists around thy throne;
And, oh! for these, and more to come,
Fix'd in irrevocable doom,
Darker and darker still shall be,
Chieftain of wrong! thine agony;
As age rolls on, succeeding age,
Eternity in every stage,
No ray of hope shall cheer thy doom,
But endless woe be thine, and never ending gloom.

A DREAM.

I.

Spirits of other days, awake, arise !
In countless train appear before mine eyes,
From those drear scenes where stern Oblivion's power
Bids the cold shades of parted ages cower,
Yet to be thron'd, within the silent tomb,
On present hours, and unborn years to come,
Brooding on desolation, on the crimes,
The blood, the horrors, of departed times.
Ye must behold strange sights, ye mighty dead !
Visions of things from earthly spirits hid,
And deeds of thrilling pow'r, the voiceless stream
Of other worlds, a long, a shadowy dream :

Oh ! from your cold receptacles, the cells
Where human flesh with foul corruption dwells,
Where this frail dust, which in it's spider folds
Of finite life the immortal spirit holds,
'That life departed, sinks to dust—arise,
And blend my thoughts with deeper phantasies !
In indistinct appearance dimly reign,
And bid ideas flash across my brain,
Strange as the destinies of your dark bed,
And solemn as yourselves, ye mighty dead !
Strong as the waters when, in rapid force,
They foam, and dash, and whirl, along their course,
Impetuous rolling o'er the rocky steep,
They rush to mingle with the distant deep ;
While, hovering brightly o'er their eddying streams,
The rising spray—a gorgeous canopy—
In the gay glitter of the sunlight, seems
A many colour'd robe of majesty,
To shroud it's deep sublimity from eyes
Which view such wondrous scenes without surprise.

II.

'They come ! they hover ! Struggling thro' the night,
Each bedded on a cloud of purple light,

As if too soon the early morn had ris'n,
And burst the portals of her orient pris'n,
As if the bright Aurora's hand had thrown
A glorious robe, ' her beautiful, her own,'
Of gold and purple's rich embroidery,
Even in that dead hour across the sky :
Host upon host, a long, a countless train,
Arrang'd and class'd in order fair and plain,
Not in respect to time, or space, or aught
Of man's invention, or of earthly thought ;
The wild Arabian from his deserts bare,
And he who held in classic realms a share,
The Indian dweller at the torrid zone,
With Europe's favour'd sons, together thrown,
He who all recently resign'd his breath,
And he who slept for ages past in death,
The one who liv'd and breath'd but yesterday,
With him who wielded Rome's imperial sway.
Where yon red flag a proud defiance waves,
And flutters wildly o'er uncounted graves,
Are rank'd the warriors. Mark the lofty grace,
The upcurl'd lip, the all commanding face,
And stout athletic form—'tis Gallia's Lord,
Who strove to reign upon a vanquish'd world,
But when the nations, leagued in wide accord,
The soaring chieftain from his empire hurl'd,

Vailing his pride to overwhelming force,
He own'd that pow'r, whose might he could not
quell,
And, stay'd midway in his gigantic course,
As Cæsar yielded, so Napoleon fell.

III.

There, where Minerva's ægis spreads around
The piercing rays of truth, is Genius found ;
First in the vanguard of whose hosts, behold,
Immortal Shakspeare's deathless name enroll'd ;
And he, across whose melancholy brow
Luxuriant curls their dark'ning shadows throw,
He, the sad bard, whose unfulfill'd desire
Rais'd to the highest his poetic fire,
Whose fairest hopes were ever whelm'd in dust,
And his fine features moulded to disgust,
Seal'd with the impress of consuming grief
Which ever sought, but never found relief ;
From that sad moment when his home's fond ties
Were rent in twain before his suff'ring eyes,
To disappointed aims on Græcia's shore,
One freight of grief his shatter'd vessel bore,
Toss'd on the billows of desponding care,
Or plunging madly to thy gulf, despair !

Too early wreck'd. Ye thronging hosts away,
My drooping spirit will no longer stay
To gaze again upon the sadden'd sight,
What is this world? Oh! what each vain delight?
If he who held communion with the sky,
Thron'd on whose writings, Immortality
Well pleas'd, had seated her majestic throne,
Folded her wings, and mark'd him for her own,
If melancholy even in his breast

It's deep corroding canker-worm had bred,
Till the dark fiend, with sorrow and unrest,

Had broke his heart, and life with youth had fled.
I pause no longer. Ye who taught the stone
The magic of your mighty skill to own,
Who bade the rugged blocks of nature's mine
To emulate the 'human form divine';
Ye who upon the glowing canvass trac'd
Departed scenes, and glorious acts embrac'd,
Gave to posterity the virtuous train,
With their heroic actions, to remain,
Vivid with life-like tints, to after years;
Or ye who sweetly charm'd the list'ning ears
With music ravish'd from the Seraph-choir,
And form'd the lute of heav'n's celestial fire;
All ye away: it is not happiness,
It is not good ye teach, *He* found not bliss,

He was not happy—on life's paths astray ;—
My soul is weary : idle forms, away !

IV.

The solemn rushing of the mighty blast
Thro' the still arch of heav'n ! Before it cast
As vessels drifting wildly thro' the storm
So floats each spectre-cloud, each shadowy form,
Those insubstantial visions slowly die,
In less'ning distance, till the gazer's eye,
In place of all that crowd, as sunshine bright,
Beholds the lonely aspect of the night.

V.

My dream is over ! In these midnight hours
My soul endeavours to recall her pow'rs ;
It was a gorgeous vision, forms of light,
In long succession, rush'd upon the sight,
Yet in yon azure concave, where each star
Is wheeling calmly on it's course afar,
And in it's sphere is shedding silver rays,
Are none of supernatural essences ;
Of all the hosts my soul with being shrouds
Remaineth nought, save where the sombre clouds,

In close array, await the coming morn,
These, and heav'n's fair Sultana's silver horn
Tinging with midnight holiness the scene,
How like to fairy dreams, which 'erst have been !
Bring magic slumber on—to sleep—to dream—
And waft my soul, on Lethe's rapid stream,
To worlds where mimic fancy pranks her bow'r,
And decks it's precincts with her airiest pow'r,
Come balmy sleep, thy peaceful influence shed,
Thy choicest blessings, round my lonely bed.

INVASION.

I.

Lo! the flaring beacon rise
Redly to the midnight skies,
See the flames all wildly skim
O'er the forest umbrage dim,
Over scenes where many a feud
Delug'd earth with human blood,
And parted ages idly gave
The noble to untimely grave;
Over hill, and dale, and heath,
Glancing on each misty wreath,
Startling, with it's sudden light,
The dreary stillness of the night.

It is answer'd ! Hill and peak
Roll the fiery signal back,
Ev'ry headland, cape, and height,
Glitter in the warning light,
Caught and answer'd from afar,
Till, as 't were, each twinkling star
Had fall'n on Britain's shore, and lent
A wild and ominous portent.

They are answer'd ! Nobly now
Valour fires each dauntless brow,
Pouring onward to the coast,
Wavelike rolls the mighty host,
Not a word which tells of fear
Breaks upon the list'ning ear,
Not an accent of despair
From the thousands gather'd there
No ! For they are Britons come
To defend their hearth and home,
To guard their best and dearest ties
From the grasp of enemies :—
'Ere the dark usurper's force
Sweep in proud and lawless course,
Like the angry surge's swell,
To conquer the impregnable.

Many a cold and nerveless hand
Shall dying yield the shatter'd brand ;
Desolation, stillness, death,
These shall weave the victor's wreath,—
Meet diadem to bind his head,
Whose only rule is o'er the dead,—
For while one living hand can wing
It's dart against the despot king,
So long resistance still shall cast
It's deadly weapon to the last,
So long shall British zeal defend
Our native country to the end ;
And should he mount at length the throne,
By Freedom hallow'd as her own,
Poor triumph will be his to reign
As monarch o'er a pile of slain.
' Ere he gain the promis'd land
Hosts shall strew the crimson sand,
Heaps on heaps shall bravely fall,
 Battling for their country's weal,
Rang'd around, a living wall,
 Arm'd with thunder, fire, and steel ;
Yea, the meanest peasant then,
Issuing from his barren glen,
With the proudest peer shall vie
In the cause to win or die ;

Serf and Lord, Esquire and Knight,
All shall bravely stem the fight,
Never on her ramparts, Gaul!

Shall thy blazon'd lilies wreath
Float till horror's deepest pall

Shroud her hardy sons in death;
Yet beware! A people fighting

For a nation's name and place,
The red Simoom in fury blighting

All within it's fiery space
Were a zephyr's breath compar'd
To the deeds which such have dar'd.

II.

Pride of the world—by sea and land
How nobly rose thy guardian band,
My country! As the theme I trace
A glow upon my brow and face
Speaks to the swelling thoughts which roll
Across my proud exulting soul,
And bids me joy to know my birth
Took place upon this sainted earth:
For, in that deeply sacred hour,
Pale terror lost it's wonted pow'r,

Females, who scarcely dar'd to read
Of distant war, and bloody deed,
Repress'd their fears, and nobly strove,
In freedom's cause to conquer love ;
Yea, even then, the timid bride
Girt to her late-won husband's side
The glitt'ring sword, and, with a tear
Emblem of firmness, not of fear,
Bade him to seek the battle's roar,
And conquer, or return no more ;
The widow'd mother, bent with age,
Foresaw immov'd the combat's rage,
She gave her life's sole prop, her son,
She had no more, the only one,
She sent him to the glorious field,
There might he die, but never yield ;
Aye, in that hour, the father cast
On his sweet babe, one look, the last,
One moment in affection prest
His tender nursling to his breast,
Which smil'd adieu, and forth he went,
Steel'd to the war with firm intent.
It was indeed a sacred cause ;
Our homes ! our liberties ! our laws !
Our monarch !—Oh ! if one had held
Ignobly from th' expected field,

On his stain'd name might fell disgrace
For aye have fix'd its dwelling-place,
But this was not, it could not be
In our 'sire's island of the free ;'
Each heart, each hand, arose to throw
Confusion on the shrinking foe,
Who woke the sleeping torrent's source,
Nor dar'd to stem its onward course,
Beheld its mighty burst, amaz'd,
And cower'd beneath the storm he rais'd.

He did not come ! 'The island of the free,'
As thou hast been and art, so may'st thou be :—
He did not come ! It were in vain to try,
Against a nation arm'd, for victory.
And, oh ! not long his pow'r to undertake
Such airy schemes, such idle plans to wake,
Fortune, long favouring, leaves his eagle's wings,
And o'er the adverse hosts her mantle flings ;
What need relate how long the emp'rор strove
To quell the forces which against him move,
What need to speak of war, its hopes and fears,
Success, defeat, by turns, in parted years,
Or mention heroes, who for freedom bled,
Whose names survive—the trophies of the dead !

To speak of treaties broke, campaigns renew'd,
And last the haughty chieftain's pow'r subdu'd,
Himself in chains, a spectacle to teach
So long as hist'ry's page to man shall reach :—
How strangely checquer'd, on that varied page,
The scenes he play'd, from Elba's broken gage,
To surer wardenship on that lone isle,
Where death o'ertook him, with a welcome smile :
What great events it was his lot to view,
A chief, by loud acclaim, he bade advance
His conqu'ring rule, usurper over France,
'Till fell Napoleon's pow'r, at glorious Waterloo !

Vide the last edition of the Antiquary, the last chapter,
and following note.

LOVE.

The golden chord of fond affection twines
 Around the bosom, in it's softest mood,
 As wreath the arching tendrils of the vines
 About the towering monarch of the wood,
 In sunny France ;—and either brightest shines
 'Mid thy delightful presence, Solitude !
 Those gain a second root amid the boughs,
 And love is cherish'd by a lover's vows.

When swelling cares the aching heart infest,
 Which wildly pants beneath convulsive throes,
 How sweet to know of one confiding breast,
 Whereon to cast the burthen of our woes ;
 Where we may ' flee away, and be at rest,'
 Impart our griefs, and sink into repose ;
 So when the blacken'd clouds surcharge with rain,
 They break, it falls, and nature smiles again.

Alike when, gladd'ning ev'ry roseate hour,
Comes merry pleasure, with it's jocund train,
A far more deep intensity of pow'r,
By sharing this our happiness we gain ;
Oh ! to impart such bliss is beauty's dow'r,
On ' beauty's daughters' ne'er bestow'd in vain ;
It forms the very polar star of hope,
Seen thro' the mind's celestial telescope.

Star of the soul, which sheds it's gentle beams
To calm the thoughts which in our bosoms move ;
Fountain of peace, whose clear and crystal streams,
With healing pow'r, o'er angry mortals rove,
Hushing to peace resentment's baleful gleams ;
To sum up in one word—all pow'rful Love !
These are no fabled efforts of his sway,
But real effects, occurring day by day.

If yet the strains of that harmonious quire,
To whom of old the poet's incense came,
If yet the music of Apollo's lyre,
This world, amid it's dreary void, may claim ;
If yet a portion of Promethean fire
Burns upon earth with pure unchanging flame ;
Verse, music, fire, are but a type to prove
The more than mortal influence of love.

WOMAN.

What pen can write, what tongue can tell,
The thoughts in woman's breast which dwell?
Transient and fleeting as the wind
They leave all scrutiny behind;
Mark, for awhile, the summer breeze,
Which murmurs round the leafy trees,
Which ling'ring makes a moment's stay,
Then o'er the mountain tops away,
But whither hasteth? Who may tell!

Perchance to seek the arctic pole,
Or in the spicy east to dwell,

Or waft the seaman to his goal,
Or sweep across the foaming sea,
Stirring it's depths continually.
Such, and with equal love of rest,
The sanctuary of woman's breast;

And if ye aim that realm to sway
Go, bind in chains an April day,
Repress it's clouds, which ceaseless fly
Across the blue and sunlit sky,
So shall ye hope her breast to school.
And o'er her inmost feelings rule.

MUSIC.

I.

Music! Lov'd music! At that name
My spirit kindles into flame!
Music! Lov'd music! All have heard
The strains rise quiv'ring from the chord,
Have heard the notes in sweetness spring,
As if the keys by angel's wing
Were fann'd, whence emanations came,
How softly! o'er the raptur'd frame,
Breathing, if aught can breathe, of love,
And harmony, from heav'n above;
'Till in the bosom had the strain,
From pleasure's depths, awaken'd pain,
And in its deep intensity
Thrill'd like the flaming bolt from high,

While o'er the heart a torrent roll'd
Of feelings—chainless—uncontroll'd—
Of fancies, which, if earth must still
Hold them subservient to her will,
Are not all earthly,—thought will soar
Where lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
But chiefly when by music giv'n,
Wings it's aspiring course to heav'n.

II.

When unto such unbounded height
The soul hath press'd her eager flight,
If, to assuage the heart's quick throb,
To still the deep o'er-labour'd sob,
The spell of woman's voice is thrown
Athwart the ear, with magic tone,—
As safety to a war-worn realm,
As land to him who guides the helm,
When, after danger, storm, and toil,
He views again his native soil,
And at the sight dissolves in tears,—
Such the effect to him who hears :
As when the sky, long time, hath spread
Gloom and thick darkness overhead,

When week by week, and day by day,
Were nought but rain, and tempest's sway,
If o'er the gloomy landscape fly
A sunbeam glancing from on high,
Across the field, or on the lake,
Or darting thro' the thorny brake,
How lovely is it's fairy form,
Which tells of the subsiding storm,
And, herald-like, it's badge displays
In sign of peace and brighter days,
Which bids the mournful earth rejoice,
 And hail the near-approaching calm ;
Such the effect of woman's voice,
 On bosoms which can feel the charm,
Yielding unto the heart again
Serenity in lieu of pain.
Soft voice and holy! Mem'ry brings
It's tone to our imaginings,
Whene'er our roving thoughts we cast,
In retrospect, upon the past ;
From the first breath of life which came
Painfully on each infant frame,
From the first dawn of earliest years,
'Thro' childhood's vale of smiles and tears,
Still thro' advancing years it sheds
It's chast'ning influence o'er our heads :

In manhood she is by to share,
And to enhance each mutual bliss;
Doth sorrow threaten? She is near,
In love to ward off even this,
Her voice the fount whence gladness flows,
Her voice the soother of our woes;
And in declining years, when age
Warns us to quit life's gloomy stage,
It's music still is lent to charm,
It pours around it's soothing balm,
Sheds peace upon our ebbing breath,
And cheers us in the arms of death.

DEATH.

I.

Ye whom affection's golden chord hath bound
The dreary couch of death to wait around,
Who near the bed of anguish, day by day,
Beheld some lov'd one slowly pass away,
Who pillow'd gently on your breast the head,
Soon to be number'd with the silent dead,
Say, did not ev'ry fainter pulse that beat
To make their near-appointed sum complete,—
Each groan, the voice of agonizing pain,—
Bind round your bleeding hearts a firmer chain?
When the chill damps of death were slowly stealing
Along the brow, and dark'ning ev'ry feeling,
Did not each fainter gasp, each fleeting sigh,
Around you cast a deeper, fonder, tie?

Till there the lov'd one rested, fix'd in death,
No sound, no motion, no complaint, no breath;
Each mortal function vanish'd, one by one,
And last the gratitude for kindness gone,
While the o'erpow'ring sense of anguish broke
The heart awhile, and bow'd it to the stroke.
Oh ! ever thus ! and when, at length, despair
Gave way to milder forms of sentient care,
Waking once more to sorrow's deep'ning pow'r
The soul which felt not in that darken'd hour,
Did ye not count again the bounding throbs,
And number o'er the last convulsive sobs,
Till burst the stream from each o'erlabour'd breast,
The fountain ebb'd away, and then came rest ?
Then came the calm and chasten'd hand of grief,
Not in it's agony to spurn relief,
But mix'd with resignation, which can own
' Who gave hath taken back, his will be done.'
Years will roll on ; the sorrows of the soul,
Bound to their chariot wheels, may with them roll,
Joy may again be found, and pleasure bring
To the gay bosom a perpetual spring,
But underneath it all are sorrow's train,
Which only wait the word to wake again.
How wonderful the human heart appears !
Where rest the themes of long departed years.

And rest in darkness, till a single word,
A glance, a tone, a whisper scarcely heard,
Some unforgotten note of music's swell,
Brings them to mem'ry back with potent spell ;
But chiefly midnight, silence, and to roam

On fancy's wing across the boundless heav'n,
Bring back past scenes of deepest int'rest home,

At least o'er me such pow'r to-night is giv'n ;
Awaking dreams of bliss, long fled by,
Too fair to live, which never wholly die,
Each in succession rising on the mind,
To fill the void another left behind,
And giving way in turn to one whose reign,
Brief as the former, sinks to dust again :
So when the sun in parting glory dies,
His evening splendours tinge with light the skies,
Ten thousand varied tints on ether stream,
And fade, succeeded by as short a gleam,
Till gath'ring twilight shuts the scene from sight,
And the last lovely colour fades to night.

II.

What then is death? It is a pathway giv'n,
A portal gate, an entrance into heav'n,
It is the ceasing of a toilsome strife,
The spirit's earliest glimpse of endless life,

Exchanging grief, and care, and pain, and breath,
For immortality—and this is death !
Yes this is death, but tho' it be the seal
Of all those hopes which holy books reveal,
Tho' the glad spirits which triumphant rise
O'er sin and fate it speeds to yonder skies,
Yet to the friends on earth's dark border left,
Of brother, sister, parent, child, bereft,
Death from it's earliest records still hath been
A melancholy and a fearful scene ;
We cannot rend at once from out the heart
Ties which within it grew—nor feel the smart,
We cannot ponder on the marble urn
Of those who once were dear to us—nor mourn ;
We scarce can view a flow'r whose leaves are shed,
It's beauty gone, it's fragrant odour fled,
But we perforce shall find a chillness cling
Around the gayest bosom's vital spring :
The bird which dies within the forest glade,
The wildling flow'ret, blooming but to fade,
The meanest thing which falls, to us unknown,
Is mourn'd by nature, grieving for her own.

III.

Death then is mournful ! Sorrow is the lot
Impos'd by sin, the doom is unforget,

But hope, too, may be there, her piercing sight
Lays open other realms of dazzling light,
And bids us know, while we in anguish weep,
That death is not to be eternal sleep.
What, tho' the body rest in stillness here ?
The soul is tenant of a nobler sphere ;
Destruction, darkness, agony, and gloom,
These all are buried in the silent tomb,
Glory, and life, and light, and pleasure, beam
Beyond the grave in one continued stream.

IV.

Poor mourning child of error and of care,
A moment pause, nor impiously despair ;
Survey the universe from pole to pole,
And mark the worlds of light which o'er it roll,
Ten thousand dazzling spheres on ether shine,
Each form'd to be a temple and a shrine ;
And if apart from others, pensively,
One gem appear upon the spangl'd sky,
Shedding it's melancholy rays afar,
Gaze, mutely, deeply, on that lovely star ;
And, with absorbing interest, fix thy sight,
Nay more, thy soul, upon that lamp of light ;

People it's orb with beings, such as may
Live thro' eternity's unbounded day,
Form them that never sorrow nor distress
Pervade their lives, but, blessing and to bless,
They may exist in joys unbroken dream,
Unharm'd, untouch'd, by time's o'erwhelming stream:
'Tis pictur'd well! Suppose from yonder sphere,
For some deep misdemeanour banish'd here,
It's guardian Seraph, reft from joys on high,
Were bid on earth to toil thro' life, and die,
Veil'd all the glories of his princely state,
His kingdom gone, his empire desolate,
With none to watch his pleasure, none to bear
His messages of honour here and there,
None at his high command to spread the board,
To wait his pleasure, list his slightest word,
But here condemn'd to poverty and toil,
To eat the bread of care, to till the soil,
Could happiness be his? Oh! surely not!
Too deep his guilt, too abject were his lot.
But should that judge, by whose severe decree
He suffers here this load of misery,
Bid him, when death shall bear his soul away,
Again exult in realms of endless day,
Govern once more in his paternal orb,
Direct it's course, the planet's system curb,

Restor'd to empire, reign the monarch sole
To guide his kingdom's path from pole to pole.
Suppose him then upon the couch of death,
And, ling'ring there, he faintly draws his breath,
What countless visions of unutter'd joy
His anguish'd spirit's ev'ry thought employ,
How slow appears the lagging hour to come
Which bears him back to his eternal home ;
Still, as he waits, behold a deeper throb,
A fainter gasp, a more convulsive sob,
A yet more ardent interval of strife,
He quits this globe, and enters into life :
Then, as an arrow loosen'd from a bow,
So speeds the Seraph from this world below,
Borne on impatient pinions, lo ! he flies
Again to seek his mansion in the skies ;
Away, away, he darts, the lightning's flash
Left far behind it's airy brightness flings,
Away, away, the thunder's echoing crash
Rolls in wild grandeur from his waving wings.
Onward he speeds ! We mark his awful form
Wafted upon the chariot of the storm ;
Nor storm, nor tempest, nor the deluge fall
Of mighty waters, can his soul appal,—
Nurs'd, 'mid the conflicts of the clouds, he soars
Where'er their jarring element appears,

Bred in their whirlwind vortex, all their roars,
And all their horrors, wake his earlier years
Again in mem'ry's eye, and they but urge
Him onward, even as the warrior-steed,
Spent with the toil, and heedless of the scourge,
Hearing the trumpet, bursts to fleeter speed :
Away past spheres which never human thought,
Not e'en thy soaring genius, Newton ! sought,
Not e'en thy spirit, from it's vantage place,
Beheld so boundless or so bright a space ;
Now yon fair orb, which lights to open day
This globe, and regulates it's annual way,
Appears but as some feebler star to gleam
Amid yon nobler planets' brighter beam,
Planets, whose golden rays, with swift-wing'd pow'r,
From the first dawn of the creation's hour
Have held athwart the universe their flight,
Yet still unmotie'd here their arrowy light,
Which, when ten thousand thousand years have sped,
Their virgin brightness on this world will shed ;
Unknown till then, such distance intervenes
Betwixt their source and earth's more humble scenes.
Be still my soul ! Thy best attempts how vain
To track the Seraph to his home again ;
If the great poet who made man his theme,
Or the fam'd bard who sang redemption's scheme,

If Milton's genius, or if Shakspeare's fire,
Again return'd to sway the lofty lyre,
If, join'd to these, the Mantuan's skill again,
Or the deep grandeur of th' Homeric strain,
Rising, thro' parted ages, should awake,

And speak, as yet to come, the trump shall speak,
That trump, of which 'tis said it's voice will shake

The earth and ocean to their base, too weak,
Too feeble the attempt, they could not trace
The lofty ruler to his dwelling place.
Yet, oh ! 'tis but a thought, and fancy will
In her dominion reign unconquer'd still,
Fancy, which bursts thro' bonds and death to soar
On wings where never mortal came before ;
She pictures brightly forth the massive gate
Flung open wide, and in unmeasur'd state,
Amid the homage of encircling peers,
The long departed prince his people cheers,
Celestial odours waft delight around,
And mingle softly with sweet music's sound ;
Lo ! deck'd with rainbow tints, all richly wrought,

And form'd of gold from heav'n's eternal zone,
In glowing radiance, far surpassing thought,

Stands in the princely court the regal throne ;
Thereon he seats himself, and straight a cry
Reverberates along the startl'd sky,

Which bursts from all th' assembl'd hosts around—
“ He that was dead is ris'n, the lost is found.”

V.

Such then is death, and such my humble verse
Attempts, but ah ! how feebly, to rehearse ;
Engrav'd the sentence stands in writ of old,
By him, the one who cannot lie ! foretold,
That, when beyond the confines of the grave,
The soul returns unto the God who gave ;
So when the spirits of the just in faith,
For sin, are brought unto the gates of death,
When carried on by Jordan's swelling wave,
They sink, the swift to hear and strong to save !
Rescues them from that high and foaming flood,
And bids them welcome, ransom'd by his blood ;
Then the redeem'd, array'd in spotless white,
And moving in an atmosphere of light,
Are bid by him, who died such pow'r to gain,
As kings and princes evermore to reign.

VI.

Poor mourner, that, with aspect desolate,
Sit'st grieving, weep not then thy lov'd one's fate,

Over the boundless universe he roves,
And with supreme delight—a Seraph moves ;
Celestial attributes his form enshrine,
And gold and gems around his head entwine,
Nor add to his pure brow a richer blaze,
But gather lustre from his brighter rays ;
While angel-bands, in holy chorus, sing
Hymns which thro' heav'n's expanse, in music,
ring,

“ Glory and honour for the soul which pass'd

“ To earth as mortal is return'd at last.”

The scene grows brighter, ages still roll on,

And perfect bliss surrounds th' almighty throne,

Myriads of years, as atoms, float away,

But still unquench'd that all effulgent day,

In lengthen'd vista joys on joys arise,

The bright, the boundless glories of the skies.

But here I pause ! A sense of giddy pain

Darts thro' the burning chamber of my brain,

Too high the fount of mine imaginings,

I dare not muse upon such lofty things ;

There are who glowing themes are wont to trace,

In words of fire, which time can ne'er efface,

To such the honours of this verse belong.

Worthy the theme—all worthy be the song !

VII.

For me, there are who deem my mind too weak
Of such exalted mysteries to speak ;
There are whose brighter nobler spirits deem
Mine not the voice to hymn such lofty theme ;
Yet wherefore thus ? Not all can reach the height
Of the thron'd eagle, which, in tow'ring flight,
Hovers, all cloud-like, o'er the sacred hill, *

And strives it's eyrie in the heav'n to make ;
Nor touch'd the lyre with an unvaried skill

By all whose hands the sacred symbol take,
Yet they who highest aim the loftiest soar,
And if I fail, have others not before ?
If the mysterious lays of sacred truth
Are not the themes for mine untutor'd youth,
And hope there is not that maturer age
May cast a brighter lustre o'er my page,
Why let me sing awhile unheeded on,
To please myself I wake the varied tone,

* Parnassus. Vide the following lines of Byron :—

On Parnassus seen the eagles fly,
Like spirits of the spot, unutterably high.

CHILDE HAROLDE.

Or if, as praise is sweet, and never praise
Sounds to the ear as in our youthful days,
If there be those who pause on simple things,
Whose breasts respond to music's wilder strings,
If such there be who list an early strain,
Who, for a moment, entertain and cherish
Feelings which but for them would early perish,
For such I strike the lyre, nor touch it's chords in vain.

A VISION.

These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air,
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind.

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

I dream'd that it should be my doom
 To be no tenant of the tomb,
 That I was fated ne'er to die,
 Nor yield me to mortality ;
 Yea, even then, my fancy sped
 Thro' ages yet to come,

I past, with slow desponding tread,
The ashes of my home,
All that my fancy e'er had known
To darkness and the grave were gone,
Years had roll'd by, I wander'd forth
To look upon the alter'd earth.

II.

I sought for London, it was gone,
The place whereon it stood
Had neither ruin, wall, nor stone,
But on it grew a wood,
The slightest tree wherein which wav'd
An hundred centuries had brav'd :
I ask'd of those who dwelt around
If they had never heard a sound,
By far tradition wafted down,
That once had flourish'd there a town,
They answer'd "no," and in amaze,
Turn'd on the questioner to gaze.

III.

My bark was swift, my men were brave,
We hasted o'er the foaming wave,

Like sea-birds speeding, and behold !
The dark blue rushing waters roll'd
Onward to lave the distant shore,
With ceaseless dash, as heretofore,
And there was gladness in their roar,
It seem'd as I had still a friend
Whose friendship would not warp nor bend,
It seem'd as if the changeless sea
Alone held immortality.

IV.

I hasted to Italia's shore,
And it was lovely as before,
The curtain of the smiling sky
Beam'd with as pure an azure dye,
The peasant girls as sweetly sang,
And music o'er the landscape rang,
Beauty came forth, and join'd her hand
With nature, in celestial band.

V.

Like to a speck of ocean-foam,
Borne on the wafting breeze,
I hasted to eternal Rome,
City of Palaces !

Ruler of nations ! Altar-shrine
Of Pagan race, and Christian line !
I thought at least to find thy home,
Eternal city ! Endless Rome !
But it was gone, a desert spread
Where monarchs vail'd the princely head :
Where lordly priests and prelates sat
In more than regal pomp and state,
Had desolation spread her pall,
Of mourning, for that empire's fall.
With hopeless eye, and aspect wan,
I sought to find the Vatican,
The ravens o'er me darkly scowl'd,
The gaunt wolves round me wildly howl'd :
The temple of the God divine,
The beautiful, the peerless shrine,
Which rear'd on high its awful form,
Sublime as an embodied storm !
Far o'er the world, a beacon light,
To bid the nations worship right ;
Where that had been the grass was rank,
With marshy exhalations dank,
Reptiles, and birds, and beasts, flock'd by,
Glaring on me with curious eye ;
They wonder'd, as I thought, to see
A thing uncouth and rare as me.

VI.

Again upon the wat'ry waste,
With fiery speed, and eager haste,
The wind came by upon the deep,
My white sail nobly swelling,
Swiftly my course afar to sweep
Again to earthly dwelling ;
So fleet my gallant bark sped on
Like eagles soaring to the sun,
'Till having past the distance o'er
I landed upon Egypt's shore.

VII.

With fleetness of the reindeer shod,
Immeasurable wilds I trod,
'Till after sultry deserts past
On Cairo's plains I stood at last,
And look'd around, a level track
Gave to my glance an answer back ;
Tombs of the mighty, are ye hid ?
Each everlasting Pyramid !
Tombs of the mighty, where are ye ?
Moulder'd into mortality,

'Things which are not, a shadowy dream,
Like to some tale's departed theme,
Or forms of beauty dwelt upon,
Or music's scarce remember'd tone,
Or childhood's parted hours of glee,
Tombs of the mighty, such are ye !

VIII.

I look'd up to the burning sun,
Which wont his daily course to run,
But he was fix'd, a lamp in heav'n,
For ever and for ever giv'n,
Firm in his place, compell'd to stay,
Shedding a bright perpetual day
On ev'ry island, sea, and shore,
Till time itself shall be no more.

IX.

"Nought then is left unchang'd" I cried,
The words in silence faintly died ;
But, oh ! not thus, the ocean plain
Is still as erst, upon the main,

Urg'd by some pow'r, unseen, unknown,
I sail'd beneath the torrid zone,
To various realms and climes I came,
And hope reviv'd, 'twas all the same :
A voice came by upon the blast,
It enter'd in my soul,
It bid me o'er the waters haste,
And seek the arctic pole :
Obedient to the high behest,
I spurn'd the surge's gath'ring crest,
And fann'd by breezes, ocean-tost,
Attain'd the very realm of frost,
And reach'd the ice-bound northern sea,
Where winter reign'd continually :
It was not thus, nought met my view
Save the wide ocean's depths of blue,
There were no icebergs rear'd on high,
Like mountains towering to the sky,
No glitt'ring hills, congeal'd by cold,
But still and deep the waters roll'd,
Where huge chaotic masses pil'd,
In heap'd confusion, vast and wild,
The crash of elements, the jar
Of warring worlds, were dearer far ;
They would at least have been of earth,
Co-eval with mine hour of birth.

X.

Despair and darkness, gath'ring gloom,
A frightful yearning for the tomb,
These were the lightest thoughts which came,
In tenfold horror, o'er my frame,
Hope from my bosom wing'd her flight,
And left behind a with'ring blight,
The utmost frenzy of despair
Came to my heart, and rested there :
But years roll'd on until in vain
I strove to count their lengthen'd chain,
The world grew old, and, day by day,
Some portion of it wan'd away ;
Some fragment, falling from it's station,
Crumbld into annihilation ;
Thick darkness on the mountains hung
Whence rolling clouds of vapour sprung,
From fires within their depths, unheard,
Unseen, the smoke on ether curl'd,
As waiting but the signal word
To burst, in ruin, on the world.
The signal came, devouring fire
Lighted this globe's funereal pyre,
In awful blaze from shore to shore
The conflagration spread,

With volum'd flame, and ocean roar,
To lay creation with the dead,
The forests blaz'd, the mountains glow'd,
The melting hills in lava flow'd :
Still swell'd the flame ! The sea fled back,
And gave to view it's mighty track,
Depths from the earliest times conceal'd,
Were now to open sight reveal'd,
And gave to life and earth again
The bodies of it's myriads slain ;
They who had fallen 'mid the rage,
When warring fleets in strife engage,
And they whose fragile barks oppos'd,
As chaff the gale, unbridl'd storms,
O'er whom th' abyss of ocean clos'd,
And veil'd their hapless forms,
In countless numbers, rank on rank,
Gather'd in armies on the bank.

XI.

And, lo ! a trumpet's solemn sound,
Which shook creation's utmost bound !
The flame wax'd fiercer at that cry,
And wav'd it's blood-red flag on high,

Then o'er me came a sense of rest,
Oblivion grew within my breast,
My mem'ry and my sense were gone,
I felt not, mov'd not, gave no tone,
Appearing as devoid of breath,
In all the luxury of death.

XII.

A change upon me, feeling came
Again across my tortur'd frame;
I was alone, I knew not where,
A feather sway'd upon the air;
I was a speck, an essence left,
Of all mortality bereft,
And wander'd in a pathless void
Where erst the universe had stood,
Which by Almighty pow'r destroy'd,
Lay whelm'd beneath a sea of blood,
And where of old had been it's place
There was a vast unbounded space,
Which had no tenant saving me,
An atom in immensity:
A diadem my brow had on,
And darkness was my regal throne,

My territory, measureless—
The realm of utter loneliness—
Such my dominion, for a slave,
I rul'd the silence of the grave.

XIII.

Not long my strain'd and aching brain
The vast idea could contain,
The very grandeur of my dream—
The scope of such unbounded theme—
Upon it's long duration broke,
The vision fled,—and I awoke.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

I.

Two rose-buds grew upon a single stem,
Wet with the varied dew of April show'rs,
Each deck'd with crimson hue, a ruby gem,
The pride and glory of surrounding bow'rs ;
Budding, then bursting, as advancing hours
Matur'd the fruitful promise of the spring,
At length full grown, two rich luxuriant flow'rs,
The butterfly swept past, on sapphire wing,
To pay due homage to their early blossoming.

II.

Together grew they, flourish'd, fair and bright,
Perfuming with their breath the morning ray,
Together faded when approaching night
Swept, with keen frost, the early prize away,
Their leaves around in silent ruin lay,
Beauteous in death, and fragrant, but so chill !
There were two lovely sisters, fair as they,
Which grew together with as mutual will,
But not so early cropt, for they are blooming still.

III.

Together nurs'd in infancy, and led
By gentle steps thro' childhood's flow'ry way,
Till female loveliness profusely shed
On their young features an ethereal ray
Of woman's angel beauty, day by day,
Some soft and spiritual expression threw
A robe of mildness o'er their forms of clay,
And as more lovely, so more fond they grew,
Expanding in affection to each other's view.

IV.

Orphans are they, for those who gave them birth,
Honour'd, belov'd, and full of years, are gone,
Their mortal portions to congenial earth,
Their deathless spirits to a heav'nly throne,
And these are left upon this earth—alone,
But, oh! not desolate—a sacred tie,
Of deeper pow'r than erst their souls had known,
Hath bound their bosoms' mutual sympathy
With chords of holy love, tho' viewless to the eye.

V.

And each is fair as Seraphs, which, from high,
Look down to guide our erring steps aright,
And bear the immortal soul beyond the sky,
On wings of gladness, harmony, and light;
Constant are they as doves, whose evening flight
Carries them homeward, each unto her mate,
So these young twins, by morn, by noon, and
 night,
With social converse cheer their lonely state,
In sweet communion.—No, they are not desolate!

VI.

Young buds of beauty, blossoms of a clime
By far more holy than this world below,
Yet sent in mercy here, a moment's time,
Our grosser fancies to reprove, and show
What man should be, how stainless; like the flow
Of crystal rivers, in their limpid swell;
May never suff'ring, agony, or woe,
Within those joyous hearts a moment dwell,
Twin buds of youth and beauty, forms of light,
farewell !

ON A YOUNG MOTHER, WATCHING HER
SLEEPING INFANT.

A mother knelt beside the bed
Wherein her first-born lay,
And distant far her fancy sped
Thro' future years away ;
She dream'd of bliss for him who slept
In infant weakness there,
And often o'er his couch she wept,
And often breath'd a pray'r.
Oh ! how can man, whose earliest years
Were hallow'd by a mother's tears,
Plunge into guilt, and rend the breast
Whereon he took his childish rest.

Before he step aside from truth,
 A moment should he pause
 To think of her who train'd his youth
 In virtue's holier cause,
 Whose best delight it was to teach
 Religion's peaceful ways,
 To guide the infant's lisping speech
 To themes of sacred praise ;
 Who hung upon each budding thought,
 And, in maternal kindness, sought,
 With efforts of unwearied love,
 To raise the youthful soul above.

So would he shun with eager haste
 One step in guilt's career,
 If for an instant mem'ry cast
 A glance on things so dear ;
 There is not, and there cannot be
 A heart in crime so deep,
 But at such thought would backward flee,
 And turn aside, and weep :
 Such feelings have uncounted force
 To wake the spirit to remorse,
 As torrents to the ocean roll,
 So rush they o'er the conscious soul.

But nought of this the mother thought,
 While bending o'er her boy ;
 Her bosom's youthful spring was fraught
 With thankfulness and joy ;
 Full often would she start to catch
 Ev'n from his sleep a tone,
 Then smilingly resume to watch
 ' Her beautiful, her own,'
 Within whose fair and rosy face
 Were childhood's joy, and beauty's grace,
 Whose sever'd lips appear'd to frame,
 Tho' word was not, a parent's name.

Beautiful in his calm delight,
 And moveless as the sea,
 Beneath a summer's smiling night,
 When, silently as he,
 It's waves are resting on the shore,
 As peaceful and as calm,
 And heav'n's blue concave arching o'er,
 Breathes on the landscape balm ;
 While not a breeze is there to sweep
 The surface of the tranquil deep ;
 Such is that babe,—the azure sky
 Is as the mother watching by.

There are, who turn from such a theme
 With coldness and contempt,
 Who think these fancies are a dream,
 By visionaries dreamt;
 Who, as they never were aware
 What pleasure springs from hence,
 From shielding by a mother's care
 An infant's innocence,
 Reject the joys of richest worth
 Which heav'n in mercy lent to earth,
 And count as nothing ev'ry tie
 Which ought to bind their sympathy.

And is it nothing, then,—the glance
 Of childhood's speaking eye,
 The all imperfect utterance
 Of infant piety;
 The docile mind, which dwells upon
 Each lesson that it hears,
 Whose joy is in a mother's tone,
 Whose grief is in her tears?
 Oh yes! and there are many still
 Whose breasts, responsive to the thrill
 Of female love, can answering tell
 These early fruits to rapture swell.

Then still, young mother! for awhile
Outwatch the lonely night,
And still the anxious hours beguile
With visions pure and bright:
Still hang upon his dreamless sleep,
His form in slumber laid,
And never be thy lot to weep
Affection ill repaid;
So may he grow in youthful prime
That thou may'st ever bless the time
When, on the shades of midnight giv'n,
The parent's pray'r arose to heav'n.

THE DELUGE.

I.

There is a book within whose sacred page
The records lie of many a vanish'd age,
Whose words are truth, and on whose ev'ry line
Appears the seal of majesty divine ;
Whose theme is all of thee, Eternal God !
Thy works of love, or thine avenging rod.
Oh ! thou, who rear'd creation's lofty span,
Who built this globe, and peopl'd it with man,
Whose bounteous goodness yielded ev'ry grace,
And stamp'd thine awful image on his face ;
Who yet, for sin, for mercy oft' abus'd,
For love derided, and for gifts misus'd,
Awoke in ire, and rob'd in lightnings came
To sweep away from earth it's guilty shame ;—

Humbly of thee, Almighty Pow'r ! I ask
One spark divine to guide me in my task,
To tell how, in that book of olden years,
The stirring tale of heav'nly wrath appears,
Bright with supernal fire, and vivid gleam,
Still casting far, thro' time's encroaching stream,
A solemn warning glare, a beacon light,
To guide the soul in error's darksome night :
Oh ! fill my spirit with unwonted fire,
And bid my hand attempt the sacred lyre,
Not now, as erst, howe'er unskill'd, to sing
The lofty daring of Seraphic wing,
But wilder strains attempt, with stern essay,
And heav'nly vengeance be the dreadful lay.

II.

Far in the regions of primeval time,
Shrouded by mists and majesty sublime,
There was a mission then, a message giv'n
To form one wat'ry waste beneath the heav'n ;
The lofty ruler of the universe
Issued in wrath the dread, the solemn curse,
'Gainst those who dar'd his spirit to annoy,
" Go forth ye whelming waters, and destroy !"
They heard the voice, and, as a war-steed sweeps
Across the plain of battle, so their deeps

Swept o'er the surface of the globe, and gave
Death to ' the young, the beautiful, and brave :'
Deep call'd on deep, and, hasten'd by the blast,
Wave upon wave came swiftly rolling past,
Red lightnings shot around with awful glare,
And peal on peal of thunder rent the air :
The first day fleeted by, th' astonish'd sun,
His course of daily duty being run,
Sank to repose, and darkness lowering sped
It's gloomy curtain on the world to shed :
The cries, the cries, the shrieks of wild despair,
Swell on the gale, and echo on the air,
The howls, the howls of frenzy, and the gush
Of ocean-waves, the deluge, and the rush
Of headlong tempests thro' the lonely night,
Fill the astounded hours with wild affright :
Still time rolls on,—still, borne upon his wings,
Morn o'er the sky again, tho' dimly, springs,
The early dawn is breaking on the air,
But, oh ! what sad approach of day is there ;
Silence and solitude—each mountain top
In one unbounded ruin swallow'd up,
Death and the grave—for earth beholds no more
A human dweller, or a single shore,
But one wide ocean rolls upon the ball,
Consumer, tyrant, ruler, over all !

III.

Behold ! behold ! an object far away,
Like an exhausted bird, whose pinions play
Along th' horizon, seeking where to rest
Her weary wing, and plume her drooping crest ;
Nearer it comes, and nearer—drifting by—
Borne on the foaming billows to the sky,
Haughtily resting on it's liquid throne,
Whose waves, obsequious, waft the vessel on,—
Still nearing to the view, a mighty bark,
Shrine of protection, heav'n's own work, the ark,
Destin'd the sacred spark of life to bear
Thro' scenes of peril, horror, and despair,
Which thus preserv'd, and guarded from the death,
Inflicted on all else of mortal breath,
Earth's cheerless bosom shall again restore
To warmth and animation as before.

IV.

Full many a day the gallant vessel pass'd
Swiftly, heav'n-guided, o'er the rolling waste,
Or, hov'ring for awhile, becalm'd she stood
Destruction's ruler, monarch of the flood,
And queen of desolation, where no eye
Beheld her state, no voice with festal cry

Hail'd her approach, but silence, deep and drear,
Mingl'd with shades of night and shapes of fear,
Hung on the gale, which moan'd not on it's way,
There were no sins to weep, no human day
For which creation's voice, with solemn wail,
Should fling it's murmurs on the lonely gale ;
Annihilation's pow'r had stretch'd his arm,

In prompt obedience to th' eternal will,
And earth was silent, desolate, and calm,

God rode upon the waters—all was still !
The sun withheld his beams, he could not brook
Upon the world, the ruin'd world, to look,
The silver moon, and ev'ry twinkling star
Shrank from encount'ring the tempestuous war,
Darkness with death, co-eval, reign'd abroad,
And havoc mark'd the pathway of the Lord.

V.

Long time nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, appear,
To gild with light the sad revolving year,
And all but everlasting death is cast
On the embosom'd earth, and rolling waste :
Not always thus ! By slow and sure degrees
The mighty waters shrink to humbler seas,
The gloomy darkness slowly melts away
No more from heav'n the arrowy tempests play,

Peak after peak uprears it's lofty head—
A giant issuing from his wat'ry bed—
The growing earth more clear to view is seen
Clad in it's mantle of reviving green,
The sun again affords a genial glow,
And springs in heav'n the richly-tinted bow,
The cov'nant of the LORD, who saith aloud,
“ Behold ! I place my symbol in the cloud,
“ In sign of peace, and never from this day
“ Till heav'n, and earth, and ocean, pass away,
“ Shall my vindictive messenger—the wave—
“ Envelope all things in one common grave.”
Thus stands the record of th' Almighty will,
The bow in heav'n attests the promise still,
Emblem and type of thee, Thou Pow'r divine !
Whose works of mercy all conspicuous shine :
Ages have past away on fairy wing,
And unborn ages yet to life shall spring,
They who exist therein shall view with fear
The raging storm it's awful forehead rear,
And turn to look if, brightly spread on high,
The rainbow's mingling tints adorn the sky ;
Then, with exulting voice, shall cry, “ behold !
“ The flag of GOD, along the heav'n, unroll'd,
“ His word is faithful still, and still the same,
“ Unchang'd and changeless, praise his glorious name !”

BATTLE.

A moment more the hollow ground
Shall rock beneath the courser's bound,
A moment more the smoke shall veil
Yon azure sky with 'vapours pale,'
And warrior-hosts shall meet in strife
To pay for mastery with life;
Each dauntless hand is on the rein,
And expectation thrills to pain;
The word is giv'n—a moment more
Shall rise the battle's mingling roar.

Hark to the trumpet's brazen note !

Rolling, how wildly ! on the air,
See how the loosen'd banners float,

The sheathless swords, how bright they glare !
Ten thousand sabres flash at large,
Whose owners hasten to the charge,
Ten thousand steeds, as fleet as light,
Bear the glad riders to the fight ;
On to the field, with spear and shield,
The cannon's signal boom hath peal'd.

On to the field ! The battle cry
Reverberates along the sky,
Hosts pour on hosts, they meet, they reel,
They fall, beneath the fire and steel ;
The combat thickens—death is there,
Rides on the gale, and wings the air,
Wrapt in his own dark banner's fold,
The sulphur-smoke, he sits inroll'd,
And gluts his eye, and palls his sense
With horror's dread magnificence.

On to the field! By night and day
What spirit seeks not the *mêlée*?
Where prowess reigns with eagle eye,
And laurel-cinctur'd victory,
Where glory aims the soldier's spear,
And smiles on valour's proud career,
Where armies meeting on the field
Charge front to front, and shield to shield;
Time lingers till we join the fray,
On to the fight—away, away!

But, oh! there are warm hearts and true,
Which, 'ere the combat's rage is o'er,
Bath'd in their blood's ensanguin'd hue,
Shall cease to beat for evermore:
No matter,—on their hallow'd grave,
In mem'ry of the parted brave,
The rifle's vivid peal shall flash,
It's echoing boom responsive crash,
And sad survivors mourn for those
Who sink in glory to repose.

Yea, rather, it is sweet to rest
Amid the host of noble dead,
With scars implanted on each breast,
That in the cause of freedom bled ;
The war-cloak for a pall and shroud,
The bugles wailing shrill and loud,
The final glance, the parting tear
By comrades shed upon the bier,
And many a bright eye's holy rain
Shall fall, like dew, upon the slain.

For e'en the widow's, orphan's sigh,
The parent's, sister's tearful eye,
Howe'er they speak the heart's distress,
Tell not of utter bitterness ;
There is a proudly conscious thought
Swells in the mourner's aching breast,
Sweet to the soul, tho' dearly bought,
Which names the hero in his rest
Ev'n as it were a martyr dead,
His country needed, he hath bled,
Her deepest claims are nobly met,
And we may mourn, but not regret.

STANZAS.

Now is the hour of calmness and repose,
 The hour of stillness, languor, and delight,
 Soft twilight, 'ere the mellow evening close
 Day's lofty splendours, fading into night ;
 Far in the western sky the sloping rays
 Fall, with their sunset brilliance, on the world,
 And many a cloud of purple lustre plays
 Along the sky, and golden vapours, curl'd
 Around the mountains, their hoar summits lave
 With floods of light, still rolling wave on wave.

As eve draws on a coronet of gems

Circles the queen of heav'n, with richer state
Than all the pomp of earthly diadems,

On brows which bend beneath their gorgeous
weight :

She, mild Diana, gentle goddess, roves,

Lit with star-torches, thro' the sapphire plain,
Seeking the lost Endymion of her loves,

For aye ador'd, and still for aye in vain,
While, as hath been thro' lapse of countless years,
Attends her path the music of the spheres.

Celestial melody ! May we not deem

That myriad angels tune their holy hymn ?
Which steals upon the senses as a dream,

At close of day, when shadows, wild and dim,
Attract our wond'ring eyes, which turn to gaze,

Ev'n from the innate longings of the breast,
Tho' sight is barr'd by twilight's gath'ring haze,

And those we deem the voices of the blest
Are but a haunting vision, still we long
To mount on high, and join their glorious throng.

‘THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.’

WRITTEN UPON HEARING A REGIMENTAL BAND PLAY THE ABOVE AIR.

‘The Campbells are coming.’ The voice of delight,
The gath’ring of thousands to gaze on the sight,
The glancing of tartans, the pibroch’s loud wail,
The war-cry of Albyn, the voice of the Gael !

‘The Campbells are coming.’ In concord they move,
Their banners are waving around us in love,
The pibroch is sounding the slogan afar,
And proudly each heart greets the signal of war.

‘The Campbells are coming.’ But not as of old,
When the fire-cross, far blazing, along the hills roll’d,
When the shout of Mac Cullum affrighted the air,
As the vassals, like tigers, arose from their lair.

‘The Campbells are coming.’ Not as in past years,
When the noise of their muster was signal for
tears,

When the cheek of the bravest with terror grew pale
As the tramp of their warriors came loud on the
gale.

‘The Campbells are coming.’ In friendship they
come,

Each heart be their temple, each bosom their home ;
Firm friends to the right, but a scourge to the foe,
As dreadful as lions—as generous too.

‘The Campbells are coming.’ Their chieftain is
there,

With the heron’s dark feather entwin’d in his hair,
The plume of the eagle still waves as his crest,
But the feud and the foray have sunken to rest.

‘The Campbell *is* coming.’ Oh ! still may he be
A staff of support, and a watchword to thee,
Fair Scotia ! The land of the noble and brave,
The birth-place of heroes, their cradle, and grave.

‘The Campbell *is* coming.’ And still may he live
As long as this world has a pleasure to give,
Nor fall till infirmities weigh on his breast,
And the blessings of thousands go with him to
rest.

THE POET.

COMPANION OF THE SOUL'S LEAST EARTHLY HOUR.

L. E. L.

I.

Genius within the bosom is like weeds
 Within a garden, whose neglected soil,
 Fertile, tho' cultureless, is strown with seeds
 Of wildling plants, which ask nor care nor toil
 To bid them flourish; serpent-like they coil
 Around the choicer flow'rs, with fatal aim:
 Too oft' is genius known the heart to spoil,
 All better things are sacrific'd to fame,
 And what should be man's glory is his shame.

II.

Delights it hath, indeed, and hopes, which thrill
Deeper, far deeper, than more vulgar joys,
But from their very depth ariseth ill,
Which with a sure and speedy hand destroys ;
The sweetest pleasure but the soonest cloy,
Leaving an irksome weariness behind ;
The lyre's seductive chords are poison'd toys,
Whose deadly venom preys upon the mind,
Which is more delicate the more refin'd.

III.

Thus with the poet ! In his happiest mood
He looks around in vain for sympathy ;
Tho' crowds are near he stands in solitude,
For who can know his aspirations high ?
Blossoms of fragrance, born to fade and die !
As one by one they wither in the blast
Of chill neglect, he heaves a bitter sigh,
The hectic on his cheek spreads deep and fast,
Existence snaps in twain, and all is past.

IV.

But rests there nought beyond? An early tomb!
Perchance some stranger, pausing on his lay,
Asks of his lot: alas! the ocean-foam,
The air-blown bubble, have a longer day;
All he hath done of good is past away,
Even as on the gale the midnight chime,
Or as the twilight shadows, lone and grey,
So hath their mem'ry vanish'd, saving crime
He hath no record on the page of time.

V.

And crime be sure there hath been, for the soul
From whence such high and tow'ring thoughts arise,
Is all too masterless to bear control;
On wings of eagle grandeur forth it flies,
And in the burst of those fierce energies
Curbs not it's actions with a needful rein,
And thus the life is trac'd in sombre dyes,
A speck of light amid a sea of stain,
Which tears may strive to cleanse, but all in vain.

VI.

And yet there will be poets, while one breast
Is lit, than others, with a brighter beam,
Or is with passions more intense imprest,
That man will offer incense up to fame,
Will rear an altar, and will light a flame,
Albeit to consume him : hope mounts high
Within such spirits, seeking for a name,
On giddy wing, around the lure they fly,
Like moths around the taper, till they die.





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